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DECEMBER 1949

VOL. 72

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

NO. 12

**OUR PLATFORM:** Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

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## Among Those Present

**Emily S. McCracken** (*She Talks With God*, page 6) is a graduate of Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa., and

taught in the high schools of Middleton and Greensburg, Pa. before becoming, in 1930, registrar of Susquehanna University in Selinsgrove, Pa. Here she met and married George E. McCracken. According to him, Mrs. McCracken "is a modest person who must be pushed by her husband to realize the potential of her personality." She has been very active in the Parent Teachers Association in Des Moines, Iowa, where the McCrackens now live, with a son, Sam, 13, and a daughter, Elizabeth, 11. Last year Mrs. McCracken was president of the PTA at Grant School.

The McCrackens are members of the Cottage Grove Avenue Presbyterian Church, where last year Mrs. McCracken served as superintendent of the junior department of the church school. She had notable success in her effort to train the children to conduct themselves in a worshipful manner during the opening service.

**Gordon L'Allemand** (*Boy From Tsingtao*, page 23) free lances in writing and publicity and is a professional

photographer. However, he started his career as an artist; for six years he worked on the editorial art staff of the *Los Angeles Times* in the afternoon and evenings and went to art school in the mornings. At the end

of that six years he won several awards for his paintings and prints and promptly quit his job. "ART was the field for me," he writes, "further, I never did like working at a regular job."

His freedom, however, didn't last very long. He soon learned, as he says, "there is no place for artists in American life—only to starve." Thus he turned to publicity, photography, and writing, and his life became somewhat diversified. He has handled publicity campaigns for flower shows; lobbied in the California legislature; covered stories about Japanese spies; interviewed astronomers, women bellmakers, pigeon fanciers, explorers, old Indian priests, movie stars; been to sea with tuna fleets, walked picket lines! And you will probably remark at this point: "Could he write a book?" And this, of course, is exactly what he has done. Just now he is finishing two juvenile novels; one concerns two Indian boys in the old Hopi pueblo of Walpi in the Painted Desert of northern Arizona, the other book has a pigeon for hero.



**Stewart M. Doss** (*Frontyard* *Nativity*, page 8) is somewhat irreverently called "Bishop" by his colleagues on the

Dallas (Texas)

*Morning News* because he is the paper's religion editor. And since there are 500 churches in Dallas, of many denominations, the job keeps Mr. Doss well occupied. On his own time he writes magazine articles, "some of which to my great surprise are bought."

His newspaper career began at an early age; at 19, Mr. Doss was editor of the Eastland (Texas) *Daily Telegram* and was probably the youngest editor of a daily newspaper in the country. He also worked on other Texas papers and one in Wilmington, N. C. He was a volunteer in the last war and after being mustered out and before returning to newspaper work, Mr. Doss, for some reason which he doesn't explain, was successively a bus driver, hotel clerk and bell captain, construction laborer, timekeeper and cotton broker's secretary! He is married to the former Volva Kimbrough of Ranger, Texas, and their 9-year-old daughter, Diane, is their especial pride.

**Lumen Winter** is an artist whose work has frequently adorned our pages and who painted this month's cover. He used as his inspiration Della Robbia's magnificent "Madonna and Child," now in New York's Metropolitan Museum.

Mr. Winter studied at the Cleveland School of Art, came to New York and attended the National Academy of Design and the Grand Central School of Art. For four years he was assistant to Ezra Winter (a distant relation) on the huge mural in New York's Radio City Music Hall. At his death, a year ago, Ezra Winter was painting a series of murals for the main office of the Bank of the Manhattan Co. in New York. These were completed by Lumen Winter in association with Dean Cornwall. Recently Lumen Winter was commissioned to do some paintings to be used in connection with the publicity for Cecil B. De Mille's picture, "Samson and Delilah," soon to be released. It is interesting to note that Mr. Winter got the commission on the strength of his work for the *HERALD*.

Mr. Winter was born with his talent, was probably sketching before he could even write; at 26 he completed a superb mural, depicting the history of the state of Michigan, for the Union High School in Grand Rapids from which he graduated in 1926. He has done a number of other murals, has exhibited widely both in group and one-man shows. During the war he served as a Chief Artist Illustrator of the U. S. Signal Corps.



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*Your*



**ANSWERS**

*Questions*

### **"The Roosevelt Myth"**

• I am grieved and disgusted to find a full-page advertisement of "The Roosevelt Myth" in my beloved CHRISTIAN HERALD. I just can't take that. Surely you, Dr. Poling, do not stand for this kind of thing, for slandering a man when he is dead and can't answer.

SANTA ANA, CALIF.

M. R. O.

I do not! I feel about the advertisement as the one who writes and as scores of others who have written. It came at the last minute, too late for the editors to see it. It was cleared by the advertising department because already it had appeared in reputable journals and was believed to meet CHRISTIAN HERALD conditions. It will not happen again. Abjectly I apologize.

### **A Daughter Gone Astray**

• My husband and I read CHRISTIAN HERALD carefully. We have tried to live a Christian life in all our relationships. A great tragedy has come upon our home. A daughter has gone far astray. Now she is married to a completely bad person. We have no contact with her or her children. Certainly we have failed and we bitterly repent our sin of failure. What can we do?

IOWA

U. D. S.

Immediately, there seems little that these broken-hearted parents can do, but again prayer and love may accomplish the impossible. "Pray without ceasing" is the text for this mother and father, and prayer with love. Whatever the daughter has done or does, the love of these parents is stronger than her deeds. I must often remind myself that God loves His obedient child with a love that makes Him glad, and He loves His disobedient child with a love that makes Him sad, but His love "never faileth." Pray with love and faith, and the door will open in the heart and home of this daughter.

### **Church Service For Pub Keepers**

• Have you seen the enclosed clipping and what do you think of so weird and terrible a thing?

WASHINGTON

G. K. C.

The enclosed clipping, which I had not seen, tells the story of ten pub keepers and their 250 regular cus-

tomers in Crowle, Lincolnshire, England, for whom a special service was arranged by the local vicar. Nobody else could come. The "worship" started right after the bars closed for the afternoon. Each pub had its own pew. The Reverend H. D. Speakman is described as making the rounds to have a few beers and explain the plan. "Next year," he said, "I want a barrel of beer for the congregation after the service."

Well, well! I believe in services for pub keepers—perhaps they need them "even as you and I"—but a vicar who takes his place in line and supplies beer to his congregation must be another product of an overseas ecclesiastical system that has vast investments in distilleries and breweries.

### **Saved Without Conversion?**

• I am disappointed in your answer to

### **The China Situation**

Dear Dr. Poling:

I want to express to you my sincere appreciation for the clarity with which you are setting forth the real issues of the situation in China and to tell you that your courage in this matter has been an inspiration to all of us. There has been too much easy and shallow thinking on the part of Americans concerning the Communistic domination of China and your article in the current issue of the Christian Herald makes us painfully conscious of the ultimate tragic results of our China foreign policy.

There is, in my judgment, a need for careful thinking on the part of the Church group regarding the attitude which the Christian Church should take in the face of this atheistic and materialistic thrust for domination in the Orient. I hope you will continue to use the unusual opportunities you have in the press and on the platform to stab America awake to what, by our indifference and lethargy, we are permitting to happen in the world.

Yours sincerely,

FRED PIERCE CORSON  
Bishop of the Methodist Church,  
Philadelphia Area  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

the question of V.L.D. of LaPorte, Minnesota (August). Do you really believe that a person can be saved or that he is "born again" if he has not experienced a definite conversion?

NEW YORK

F. W.

I did not say that. In II Corinthians 5:17 we read, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." But not all Christians, not all who are completely Christ's have experienced the conversion of St. Paul. God's saving grace is not limited. The question is not how did you get it, where did you get it, or when did you get it, but do you have it here and now?

### **Are You Right with God?**

• Do you not think that children should be received into the Church at the earliest possible age, that they should be given this feeling of spiritual security and the moral guidance that surely the Church as no other institution offers? The idea of waiting until children grow old enough to make serious mistakes, commit grievous sins and then after conversion being brought into church membership doesn't seem to me Christ's way at all. "Suffer little children to come unto me," He said. Doesn't He still say that?

OREGON

G. F.

Certainly He does. I know what this mother is talking about. My parents brought me into the Church with my baptismal certificate. They believed that when I reached the age of decision I must decide to remain in the Church or to leave it. It was their responsibility to put me there! I repeat something that I said in an earlier question: the vital matter of conversion is "are you right with God" here and now?

### **"Unequally Yoked"**

• I am going with a young man whom I hope to marry. My father is a minister. This boy is not interested in church and excuses himself from attending services. He just can't get up in time on Sunday morning. Do you think that there is anything significant for us in the Scripture that tells us not to be "unequally yoked together with unbelievers"?

NEW YORK

G. L.

Yes, that Scripture in its twentieth-century application is still worth heeding. I am sure that you will do well to take plenty of time reaching your decision about marrying this particular young man. Oversleeping is hardly an adequate excuse for staying away from church services regularly. There must be some other reason than this. Also I am glad that you are inclined to give attention to the advice of your parents.

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"Nobody cares about Jews!" But the dear brother found that he was wrong, and so he says, "I changed my mind on good!" Somebody did care. You who read these lines, you care, and thousands of others of the Lord's choicest children, they care. And because they care, we can come to grips with this terrible condition of Jewish starvation, heartache and agony of soul, the world over. So, when you become a partner with us, you are a sharer in that ministry that touches God's people Israel at the point of their desperate need. And all of this for the purpose of glorifying the Lord Jesus Christ, and making His name known. If the Lord so leads you, we will welcome your fellowship in such a world-wide and vitally important ministry for these last days.

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Mary Giffen says she couldn't get along without it . . .

## She Talks With God

By EMILY S. McCACKEN

I WENT over to see Mary Giffen the other night to ask her if she would take the devotions at our missionary circle meeting next Thursday.

"This is getting to be a habit," I thought to myself as I walked the short distance between our homes. It was the fourth consecutive month I had to do this. I could have called her on the telephone, of course, but I prefer to visit Miss Giffen. I always come away feeling that I have been touched by a genuine Christian spirit.

"Mrs. McCracken!" she exclaimed in that happy way she has of making me feel that she is so glad I have come. "My brother and his wife have gone out for the evening, so I'm all alone. I was just wishing someone would drop in, and now here you are."

"You couldn't guess why I've come," I said. "Four months in a row ought to make it pretty plain. I can't find anyone to take devotions next Thursday."

"If you had to have a reason for coming," she teased, "I'm glad it is to ask me to take the devotions. Of course I will. I guess everybody else is pretty busy with housecleaning these days."

"That's true," I said, "but I sometimes wonder if we aren't getting to

depend on you. You'd be surprised how often someone says, 'Maybe you could get Mary Giffen. She's always willing.'"

"But it really isn't hard for me," said Miss Giffen gently, "you see, I don't have much to do."

"You don't have much to do!" I protested. "Here you are, eighty-four years old, and I don't know anyone who does more real missionary work than you do."

"But I don't have a family to look after. My brother and his wife take care of me. All I do is look after my room and tend my flowers."

"That isn't all, either," I went on. "Besides all the times you take devotions, there's the telephoning you do for the committee. What about the cards and notes you send to the shut-ins? And the many calls you make at the hospitals and at homes where there are sick people? I wish you could tell me how you have the strength to do it all at eighty-four."

She sat there quietly with a touch of a smile on her sweet face. It was a smile I had seen so often. It wasn't a prideful smile, for Miss Giffen is not a proud woman. Suddenly I knew. She

wasn't looking at me, and I had the strange feeling as I watched her face that there was an unseen visitor in the room, and the smile was one of understanding between them.

"It's so simple," she said. "I just talk to God."

"Oh," I said humbly, "you mean you pray?"

"I suppose most folks call it that, but I like to call it talking to God. I do it a lot. I talk to Him about things some folks might think were not very important, or things they take for granted."

She was silent again, and I could see that she was trying to make up her mind whether to tell me something that was in her heart. Then she looked up and smiled.

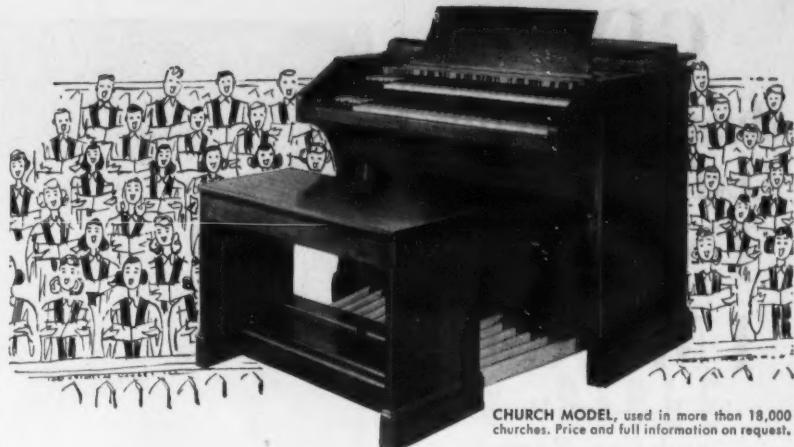
"I really don't know how I would get along if I didn't talk to Him," she went on. "Take these new shoes, for instance." And she proudly showed me the new pair she was wearing. "I've needed them for a long time. You see, I've always bought my shoes at the same store, but the last pair wasn't right. My old clerk was gone, and the new one didn't seem to understand. But then, it must be hard to fit shoes on such old feet.

"It did seem that I ought to be able to go down town and buy a pair of shoes without any special help, but I just couldn't bring myself to do it, and I began to worry. So last night I talked to God about it. I told Him how I was worrying about where to buy some shoes, and whether I should go back to the old store or try a new one. I told Him how I thought maybe the clerk at another store wouldn't understand what was best for me either. I told Him everything, and then I felt so much better that I went right to sleep and didn't wake up until morning.

"Well, when I got up and found what a beautiful day it was going to be, I got dressed to go down town. From the beginning, everything went right. I got a seat as soon as I got on the bus and in a little while another old lady came and sat with me. We had the nicest conversation, and before we knew it we were down town, past the store where I always used to go. When I looked out the window, there we were in front of a store with shoes on display. I got off the bus and went right into that store. The nicest young man came up to me and asked if he could help me. He listened carefully when I told him what I wanted, measured my foot, and the first pair he brought out was exactly right! I've been wearing them all day."

And then with a twinkle in her bright eyes, she added, "And they cost a dollar less than the kind I used to wear."

(Continued on page 46)



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Homer Snowden's nativity scene that created traffic problems in Dallas.

## Frontyard Nativity

By STEWART M. DOSS

THE Rev. Luther Holcomb, pastor of the Lakewood Baptist Church, of Dallas, did not feel like preaching a Christmas sermon. Late the night before, he had returned saddened from the funeral services of a dear friend. So he got up early Sunday morning and decided to cruise around in his car. The aimless ride finally took him to the home of Homer W. Snowden, Dallas oilman, on whose lawn a Christmas nativity scene had been exciting local attention.

Holcomb saw another car parked in front of the two-story, handsome brick home. It was a taxicab. Only the driver was inside. Holcomb got out of his car and walked over to the cab. The driver was staring out over the almost-life-size display of the wise men, Jesus in the manger, the other nativity figures.

The driver's eyes were moist as Holcomb joined him. The men looked across the lawn together. "How is it," inquired Holcomb, "that even though you have worked all night, you have stopped here? What about this scene impresses you?"

"It brings back my childhood," replied the driver. "Mr. Snowden really put Christmas back into my life. Maybe," he added, "I almost had forgotten the Bible."

The preacher was cheered. Later that morning he spoke to his congregation on "Christmas Reflections." He related the story of the cab driver.

This is but one of a hundred or more incidents you can hear in Dallas concerning the display of the nativity scene at the oilman's home. Police estimate that at least one million persons saw the display last Christmas—and probably even more will view it this year. Dallas itself has a population of only 500,000.

The story of Snowden and his Christmas scene had its beginning in November of last year when some friends approached him. They were tired of the commercialization of Christmas, and they knew this prominent Baptist layman could do something about it. Something dramatic.

Snowden is a chunky, booted, aggressive figure and given to big projects. Few Dallas businessmen are as busy. They felt he was just the man to spark to the idea of giving Dallas people a reminder of the true meaning of Christmas.

Snowden was interested. Instead of bedecking his lawn with thousands of lovely but meaningless lights, he'd put the real Christmas in his frontyard. There would be almost-life-size figures of the wise men, Mary, Jesus, camels, shepherds, lambs, cows, donkeys, doves of peace, a shepherd dog and a real straw-thatched shed.

Sketches were drawn, details were carefully checked for authenticity, and the impressive display was ready by

(Continued on page 96)



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### *Christmas Eve*

*The snow is full of silver light  
Spilled from the heavens' tilted cup  
And, on this holy, tranquil night,  
The eyes of men are lifted up  
To see the promise written fair,  
The hope of peace for all on earth,  
And hear the singing bells declare  
The marvel of the dear Christ's birth.  
The way from year to year is long  
And though the road be dark so far,  
Bright is the manger, sweet the song,  
The steeple rises to the Star.*

*Faith Baldwin*



# GABRIEL COURIER



## INTERPRETS THE NEWS

### • AT HOME •

**EXPENSIVE:** Ever wonder where your money goes, Mr. Taxpayer? This might help you. In 1948 the Commodity Credit Corporation paid out the following sums of money to support prices on the following crops: cotton, \$822 million; corn, \$767 million; wheat, \$750 million; flaxseed and linseed oil, \$241 million; potatoes, \$228 million; peanuts, \$170 million; tobacco, \$102 million; dry beans, \$68 million; wool, \$63 million; barley, \$56 million; grain (sorghum), \$55 million; dried eggs, \$36 million. Total, \$3,449,000,000.

The Government has taken in \$9,457,996,693 this year (about Nov. 1st); it has spent \$11,479,306,629.

We love the farmer, sure; but could it just possibly be that there is politics in all this price-supporting business? Can there be a bid for the 1952 farm vote? Could it be that Mr. Truman has given up once and forever the idea of cultivating a "solid South" vote, and put his reliance in a farm-labor bloc as his hope for another term and as the new foundation of the Democratic party? Think on these things, children, as hard and as often as ye can!

**THE NAVY:** The top sea-dogs of the Navy (those in the admiral, vice-admiral caste) have been sounding off in Washington, crying that the Navy is being shamefully neglected by the land-locked minds of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The high command, according to the Navy men, has gone too far in backing the Air Force's B-36 bomber and in totally neglecting the Navy and hence unbalancing the nation's defenses. Cutbacks in Navy power, they say, particularly in Navy air power, leave the Navy badly crippled—hardly anything more than a fleet of ferry-boats to transport the Army! The Army barks back, "Tain't so!" The Navy says that the future of the Marine Corps is threatened. The Army hoots: "Let 'em go! We never did like those Marines, anyway!"

It's all supposed to be in the interests

of "national security." We wonder. The Army and Navy brass might take time out to ask themselves how the national security is being served by such an inter-service brawl with the whole worried world listening in. Especially with Russia listening in!

None of us wants to see either Army or Navy crippled. And none of us is made to feel safe or proud at the spectacle of men supposed to be officers and gentlemen acting like boys in a reform school.

**DIPLOMAT:** The appointment of Mrs. Eugenie Anderson as ambassador to Denmark won't stop traffic around the State Department Building; Denmark isn't very large and Mrs. Anderson isn't very well known and most of us will be asking, two weeks from now, "Who's Ambassador to Denmark?" But as a study in the American democratic process, it is fascinating.

Here is a woman, living on an obscure Minnesota farm, who was baking a cake when she was called to the telephone to be told that she had been made an ambassador. As late as 1944 she was ringing doorbells as a precinct worker for the Democratic Labor party; then she became, by dint of service to the party, county chairwoman, district chairwoman, state vice-chairman, delegate-at-large to the Democratic National Convention, and finally a Democratic National Committeewoman. Then the appointment to Denmark.

She can bake a good cake; we cheer for that! But her education has been in *music*. She cannot speak a word of Danish; she "speaks a little German" (the Danes will love that!) and she once studied "a little French." She grew up in a Methodist minister's home—good, but hardly like growing up in a diplomat's home, as so many European diplomats do!

Please don't misunderstand us: we have nothing whatever against Mrs. Anderson. We only wonder why she has been chosen. She isn't rich; she gave no millions to the party war-chest. She has had no experience whatever

in diplomacy. She has had no educational background to fit her for the job. *Why?* Sure, Denmark is small. But look where it is! This can be a vital, dangerous diplomatic post in the next half-decade.

Our question is this: Can such American diplomats, appointed in such a manner, be expected to compete on even terms with the career diplomats of Europe? That's about all that's important in this picture—and it is *very* important.

**COURIER'S CUES:** U. S. will take its time recognizing Communist China. It may recognize, eventually, but not for some time . . . Fight for leadership in AFL will break soon; it will be hot . . . Military insiders say war with Russia (maybe) in ten years, not possible before . . . U. S. is several *years* ahead on atom bomb . . . U. S. switch on Spain, to more favorable attitude, is imminent . . . International control of atom bomb becomes more and more impossible . . . Veterans Administration expects to pay off most of the \$2,800 million G. I. insurance dividend by May 1 . . . There will be moderate declines in prices of farm products soon even though government price support continues.

### • ABROAD •

**VENGEANCE:** When the life sentence of Ilse Koch, the sadistic torturer of the Buchenwald concentration camp, was cut to four years by General Clay, there was an almighty howl against it. "Make her pay!" was the sum and substance of the howl. Clay wasn't impressed, or intimidated. He let Ilse off.

Recently this female monstrosity completed her sentence and found herself arrested as she left the prison, under *German* law which charged her with twenty-nine murders. She awaits trial at the hands of her countrymen. She'll have a tough time of it with *that* court.

Why were we so excited over Ilse Koch? Why were we so crazy for vengeance? Were *we* the ones who should be demanding her pounds (165) of flesh? Why did *we* feel called upon to punish her at all? Why not let her own Germans do it? They'd do a much better job.

Or why not just turn her loose among the Jewish displaced persons whose fathers and mothers and children died under her hand at Buchenwald? Or just let her wander around, with that awful mark of Cain stamped so clearly on her, among her own kind who loathe her quite as much as we do!

**LONDON:** For the time being, the British government has stalled a general election. Stung by Churchill's



WIDE WORLD

**FIFTY YEARS.** In this period, The Gideons have distributed 18 million Bibles. Their goal is to place a Bible in every hotel guest room in the U. S. and Canada. Above: Frederick R. Sacher, executive director of Gideons International, points to a map showing Gideon activity. Right: A familiar scene in hotel rooms all over the United States.



blows in Parliament, standing with their back to the wall since the deflation of the pound, it seemed inevitable that the Laborites would have to call for a vote of confidence from the British people. In fact, the Socialist Tribune asked for it. But no—not yet! Maybe very late next year, or early in 1951—but not now.

The British people could force a general election to oust Labor, if they wanted to. They will not, because they are too uncertain of what they'd get if they threw Labor out. Winston Churchill they love—but do they want him at the head of another government? They seem to think he is more valuable on the outside, throwing rocks through Labor's windows, than directing the show from within. They may not want Labor, either; they are quite fed up with the Socialist experiment. But that still doesn't answer their question: "If not Labor, then who, or what?"

Truth is that, with all its monkey-business, Labor has done more for the workers of Britain in the few years of its regime than the old Conservatives or Liberals ever did in all their long years of power. And, inasmuch as the workers hold the whip hand, Labor, we think, will be in the driver's seat for some time. You just don't jump

from the frying pan into the fire, once you've been in the fire.

**CHINA:** Amoy has fallen. We remember Amoy—a charming harbor, and a British gentleman and a Chinese schoolgirl who showed us around their mission school. It's all Red now. Canton will be gone before this is in type. The Red Flag waves over most of the length and breadth of the land.

And the length and breadth of the land is stocked with guerrilla bands carrying no white flags of truce. Travellers recently back from China are saying that guerrilla activity in Communist-dominated territory is livelier now than it was during the Japanese occupation. The Reds, as we predicted, are having the time of their lives consolidating their territory.

The bottom is falling out, economically, in Communist areas, especially in Shanghai. Industry is practically at a standstill—and if the Reds can make a Chinese work who doesn't want to work, it will be the miracle of the age! Our guess is that the Reds have a bear by the tail—and it isn't a Russian bear, either.

We would also hazard the guess that these guerrilla bands will find all the arms they need. From just where, we wouldn't care to say—but they'll get

arms, and ammunition, and printing presses for their anti-Communist propaganda mills. It will go on and on—like China!

**FREEDOM:** Karl Marx aimed to set the world free from "capitalistic slavery." Yesterday we read in the paper of how the process of freeing mankind is being carried out by the followers of Marx in Prague:

"Two plain-clothes members of the state police, carrying lists prepared by a special national commission, make the rounds accompanied by one uniformed policeman. The rounds are made early, before men are likely to have left for work. The policemen give no explanations. They take the arrested men to local police stations. From there they are distributed to camps throughout the country that provide labor for industrial, agricultural and mining centers."

Recently, 10,000 men were arrested in a 10-day drive. The charge? They had "failed to find a positive relationship with our people's democratic order!" The sentence? They are sentenced without trial, for "as long as seems necessary."

And that crowd has the atomic bomb!

**ELECTION:** Wherever the people in Europe have a ghost of a chance, they vote against Communism. Austria has just done that. Four million Austrians went to the polls and voted into their lower parliamentary house 77 Conservatives, 67 Socialists, 5 Communists and 16 Independents. It was the worst licking Communism has taken in that area.

Those 16 "Independents" are worth attention. They are called "neo-Nazis"; on this side of the water we'd probably call them unreconstructed Hitlerites. They represent a huge bloc of Austrians who have been "amnestied" since 1945, and there isn't any indication that they are any more opposed to Nazism now than they were opposed to it when Hitler was riding high. Suppose the Russians were to be voted out, from Vienna to Berlin? Would the Nazis take over again? Is this Independent vote in the Austrian elections evidence of their strength? And would another Nazi Germany be any less a threat than a Soviet Germany? Pay your money and take your choice!

**PRIZE:** A blunt little Scotsman with a very, very simple idea has walked off with the Nobel Peace Prize for 1949. He is Sir John Boyd Orr, and his idea is that unless we can somehow give the people of the world enough to eat 365 days in the year, we'll always have war.

That may be over-simplifying it a bit, but it's the gist of Sir John's idea. As the first head of the United Nations

Food and Agricultural Organization, he made tremendous contributions to the solving of this basic problem of food, and he coupled his efforts in that sector with further efforts in the Congress of World Federalist Organizations. Food and world government have been his two great life interests.

He believes that it is possible to both feed *all* the people and to have one world government for all the people. Being a statesman, he knows the shortcomings of mankind; he is no idle sentimental or head-in-the-clouds theorist; he says with deep conviction that it *can* be done. Those who have heard him say it believe it too.

And he has turned over his Nobel prize money—around \$22,000—to promote world government!

## • CHURCH NEWS •

**MERRY CHRISTMAS:** We wish our readers a Christian Christmas and a New Year that will be something better than 365 days of getting and spending and laying waste their powers. And we suggest that they read carefully the call of the Federal Council of Churches to the churches to spiritualize the holidays.

Dr. Jesse M. Bader will lead a campaign to "rescue Christmas from an emphasis on turkey, tinsel and presents"; he will also suggest to the Council's 140,000 local churches that New Year's Eve, 1950, be made an all-night vigil of prayer as they say farewell to "a half century of material progress and spiritual bankruptcy."

Amen and Amen! It's time we took back Christmas from the department stores, and New Year's from the night clubs!

**DIXON:** We read that the Free Schools Committee of Dixon, New Mexico, is appealing the now famous "Dixon Case" to the State Supreme Court. We know that a lot of our readers will be wondering why, inasmuch as the Committee supposedly won a real victory in the decision handed down by District Judge Hensley, denying the use of free textbooks to parochial schools, barring 139 garbed Roman Catholic teachers and all sectarian instruction from the state's public schools. The case received wide attention through a CHRISTIAN HERALD article, "Shadows Over Our Schools."

Actually the situation is this: the Protestant plaintiffs asked the courts to oust the Catholic nuns from the public schools of the state, along with priests and brothers; to deny free texts to parochial pupils; to stop transportation of Catholic children to Catholic schools in public buses. Only the last of these objectives has been accomplished; Catholic children no longer ride the buses. But nuns are still teaching

in the public schools, and some 1,000 Catholic children are getting Catholic textbooks paid for in part by Protestant taxpayers! The appeal to the State Supreme Court is to gain the first two objectives.

It's a long fight, this fight for free schools. If you're interested in what the gallant handful of Protestants are doing in New Mexico, we suggest you write The Free Schools Committee, Dixon, New Mexico—and say it with a contribution.

**CHEER UP!** Just in case you're a little down in the mouth this month over the state of the world, pin these little items in your hat:

More than 2,000 Protestant missionaries are *staying on*, in China, Communists or no Communists! According to a registration survey at the University of Delaware, more than 97 percent of all students are affiliated with some church. Out of 2100 students polled, only 48 failed to specify a religious preference, or wrote "none." And in Hungary, where the Red conquest is supposed to be complete, well over 90 percent of Hungarian parents have requested religious instruction in the nationalized schools. Some authorities say the final figure may reach 98 percent!

God *isn't* dead!

**TAXES:** A preacher down in Charleston, West Virginia, catches our eye and our heart. When he discovered that funds for public-school education in Kanawha County were so inadequate that teachers in one Charleston school had to dismiss their pupils for all but a few hours during the opening days of school to clean the classrooms with soap and water, the Rev. Eugene M. Austin of Baptist Temple suggested to his people that they ask for a raise in the tax rate!

Just to make it honest, Dr. Austin had his own tax bill "upped" first; he said that his own personal property had been assessed at \$500, and that the books in his library were worth more than that! So he had the valuation raised to \$3,000.

Oh, for more Austins!

**RURAL:** About 75 percent of Methodism's 40,321 churches in the United States are rural churches. That's what Methodist officials say. Actually, towns of 2,500 to 10,000 get most of the Methodist preachers; the really rural sections get what's left over. The towns come first. Two hundred Methodist parsons from small Eastern churches met recently at Lynchburg, Va., and said that was all wrong. They're right. It is.

The men at Vicksburg asked that in the future towns of 10,000 or less be served by only one Methodist church

building, and stop having one building for the upper classes and another for the hoi-polloi on the other side of the railroad tracks—or words to that effect. They suggested multiple services rather than multiple buildings—and too many Methodist parsons starving to death where one could do the job and get enough to live on. Such an arrangement, they thought, might release a few more circuit-riders to do a good job in rural America.

We're for it, and for them. We always did like Methodist spunk and their habit of speakin' right up in meetin'. It's high time somebody put his finger on this ecclesiastical sore spot, and called it by its right name.

**UNDERSTANDING:** Out in Kansas City, Roman Catholic and Jewish women attend a special meeting sponsored by the Kansas City Council of Church Women, to hear Protestantism explained. It is the first Protestant venture in this direction; Jewish women in a local Reform Jewish congregation have been putting on the same sort of program for Protestant and Catholic women, for the last two years. Three speakers traced the history and foundation of the Protestant Church, with its organizations, strong points and weaknesses.

Great! Why don't we have more of this sort of thing? Too many of us depend on gossip and prejudice for our information about the other fellow's church. Why not rent the biggest hall in every town, invite men, women and *children* to get the truth and whole truth about each other, and not a lot of bigoted blather and nonsense.

No worshiper in Roman cathedral, Protestant church or Jewish synagogue need be ashamed of his faith; but, alas, too many of those who *lead* in those churches need to be ashamed of the way they have bungled things in allowing half truths and misinformation to overwhelm the truth about all of us.

**BIRTH:** A reader who believes more in white supremacy than in the Gospel sends us notice of a showing of "The Birth of a Nation" in Troy, N. Y., —or a *proposed* showing. (We understand that the Troy Ministerial Association, God bless 'em, is trying to stop it.) The reader believes the "Birth" should be shown "the length and breadth of the nation." Don't we think so, too?

We do *not*. Why dig up this old cinematic chestnut? It never was anything but a hoodlum's hoax, anyway; it never accomplished anything but mischief and depravity, anywhere. It reminds us of an old dog we used to have; Spot had a habit of going out and digging up old bones he had buried in the sand when he was just a wild-oats pup. The bones *smelled*. So

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does this novel and this movie; it is letters and Hollywood in the gutter.

**ARCHITECTS:** We hear that there is to be a big confab for church architects and all others interested in church architecture at Columbus, Ohio, January 21-22. Officially, it is the annual gathering of the Church Architectural Guild and the North American Conference on Church Architecture, meeting jointly. They will talk over just about everything in re the business of giving this country church buildings of which we need not be ashamed.

If you're interested in what makes church architecture tick—or in the difference between a good church building and an architectural monstrosity—you might look in at Columbus, if you can. **CHRISTIAN HERALD** will be there with the Guild—a **HERALD**-sponsored group.

## • TEMPERANCE •

**TRAFFIC:** We read in the *Weekly Bulletin* of the Yellow Cab Company of San Francisco that "Sweden has adopted the practice of throwing a police line across the street without warning and taking a blood test of every driver in the line. Should any driver's alcohol percentage go beyond one medium drink of whiskey, the driver gets two months in jail. The practice has entirely eliminated drunken driving."

That may be all right for Sweden, where there are more bicycles than taxicabs—but what would happen if we tried it in Chicago's Loop, or on New York's Broadway? Some of our temperance leaders think we ought to do it; this reporter thinks it a little on the crazy side.

It hasn't been our experience that taxi-drivers are drinking drivers; we've been riding taxis all over the country for a good many years, and we have never found a drunken Jehu at the wheel yet. *They* aren't the ones who should be stopped and tested. Why not put a cop with a testing-machine outside some of our swank private clubs, or outside the hotel bars where the drinking (and driving) businessmen "relax"; or outside every night club; or at the entrance of every parking-lot, at midnight?

Taxi-drivers take immobile drunks home; the dangerous drinkers drive their own cars. Two months in jail would do a lot of *them* a lot of good!

**ABC:** The American Broadcasting Company, according to Executive Vice President Robert E. Kintner, will continue to prohibit the advertising of distilled liquor over its network. ABC does accept programs advertising beer and wine, and will continue to do so.

Says Mr. Kintner: "We have had

discussions on accepting programs sponsored by a liquor company, but have decided against their acceptance at the present time. There is at present a divided feeling *on the part of the liquor industry itself* [italics ours]. Various important organizations and significant segments of public opinion throughout the country have evidenced their strong disapproval of such sponsored programs, and there have been certain indications that, if liquor advertising over the radio were accepted now, a campaign to prohibit the advertising of wine and beer on radio would be undertaken, both nationally and on a state level."

Our thanks to ABC on its Prohibition policy! Too often we who hate alcohol accuse the radiomen of adver-



RNS PHOTO

**SIDEWALK SERMON.** Dr. Luther W. Smith, executive secretary, American Baptist Publication Society, participating in the United Evangelistic Advance, preaches on a busy street in Philadelphia. Goal of the interdenominational advance is to evangelize the U.S.

tising everything in the market; they don't, and for that we're thankful.

But—this fear that there may be a national or state campaign against beer and wine advertising over the air interests us. That campaign is already on; it has been on for years! And there is every indication that it will be stepped up.

We have read somewhere that about 50 percent of our radio broadcasters are ready and anxious to revoke radio's traditional ban on liquor commercials. Mr. Kintner is right; if this 50 percent, in their mad scramble for advertising revenue, get their way, there will be an all-out fight to ban *all* of it—including beer and wine—from the airways. Our guess is that it's only a matter of time before beer and wine get the bum's rush from the air, anyway. Why shouldn't they get it? You can get drunk on beer and wine, too; it may take a little longer, but if you set your mind to it, you can accomplish it!

From research comes a new Deluxe-White lamp, which gives much softer light and is evenly bright all over.

Brighter television pictures, more usable space inside refrigerators, more economical home furnaces, closer heat control in electric irons, versatile lightweight mixers are typical of improvements that increase the usefulness and economy of General Electric products you buy.



Users have learned to expect more from G-E products

If having the largest staff of scientists and engineers in industry means anything, it is reasonable to expect new advantages, product by product. If General Electric's 70 years of experience mean anything, it should show up in the products you buy. If laboratory study on each separate bit and piece, from metals to motors, is to mean anything, the finished product should naturally be better. Our aim is to give you more than you expect.

*You can put your confidence in—*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**



# Editorially Speaking...

## CHRISTMAS IS CHRIST

**T**HREE is none other name under heaven" whereby Christmas must be saved.

Through the centuries since Jesus came by the manger in Bethlehem, since angels sang above the stable and shepherds watched by His humble bed, much has been added to mankind's observance of this holiest day.

Rome gave the festival touch and even redeemed some of her pagan practices, snatched them from the altars of her many gods to lay them in adoration at the feet of God's "only begotten son, our Lord."

But in our time we have witnessed perversions that even pagans missed. Kris Kringle now smokes his favorite brand of cigarettes and there are other blatant advertisements that compete with Christmas carols for the interest of our Christmas fireside.

But Christmas is Christ, and without Him Christmas cannot be saved.

## BARLEYCORN IS ON THE MARCH!

**R**ECENTLY two bridge-tenders in Jacksonville, Florida, reacted from the monotony of responding to whistles, or perhaps tired of waiting for them and encouraged by a few potent drafts, put on a Mexican jumping bean exhibition. Unfortunately for several motor cars and their occupants, the bean was the bridge. That the liquor-induced joyous time did not result in several deaths, as well as numerous bruises and several cars damaged, was not the fault of the glad boys who were certainly old enough to know better. One of these two press-the-button artists is past 70.

Surely both of them now belong with these other gents in front-row spots of the next "Men of Distinction" series. Certainly nothing just like this Jacksonville "achievement" has occurred before in my time; and, wherever they got the inspiration, no doubt they could be persuaded to "change" to the next-highest bidder. John Barleycorn has had his up's and down's, but never quite in this fashion before. But he is on the march, definitely yes. Ask his friends in Oklahoma!

## A SALUTE TO DR. JESSE BADER

**D**R. JESSE BADER is today the greatest single human asset of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; and the Department of Evangelism, of which he is the secretary, is the Council's most dynamic, timely and widely accepted program. Kenneth Wilson's article in the October issue of *CHRISTIAN HERALD* is a soul-moving story of one of Protestantism's most remarkable leaders in a world that rocks. There are many evidences of Dr. Bader's genius and quality, but the one most convincing is the fact that while the Federal Council itself is the official

representative of twenty-seven denominations, Jesse Bader has united forty communions in a continent-wide campaign. The only exception is the Southern Baptist Convention, which has an amazingly successful campaign of its own. Of the Southern Baptists, Dr. Bader has said: "In 1948 they had the best evangelistic effort in their 100-year history—God bless them!" On that comment Ken Wilson remarked, "It's a nice pat on the back from a fellow downed on the one-yard line!"

But that's the spirit of Jesse Bader and perhaps the secret of his success. Spiritual unity is this man's goal and the salvation of souls, rather than ecclesiastical uniformity.

## WE MUST DESTROY THIS HATE

**T**HREE LIE on my desk two vile pieces of literature. From one, five evil anti-Semitic cartoons face me. "Put these tracts out in large numbers and help save America from the kikes," and "Extra copies, 200 for \$1," are the undertitles. The second set offers "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion" in the new issue at \$1 and affirms that the book contains the secret minutes of the meeting at which the Jews planned to take over the world. These completely exposed and repudiated excrescences of a sinister social mind are now blown up again to be exploded across America. They are the offerings of the so-called "Christian Nationalist Crusade."

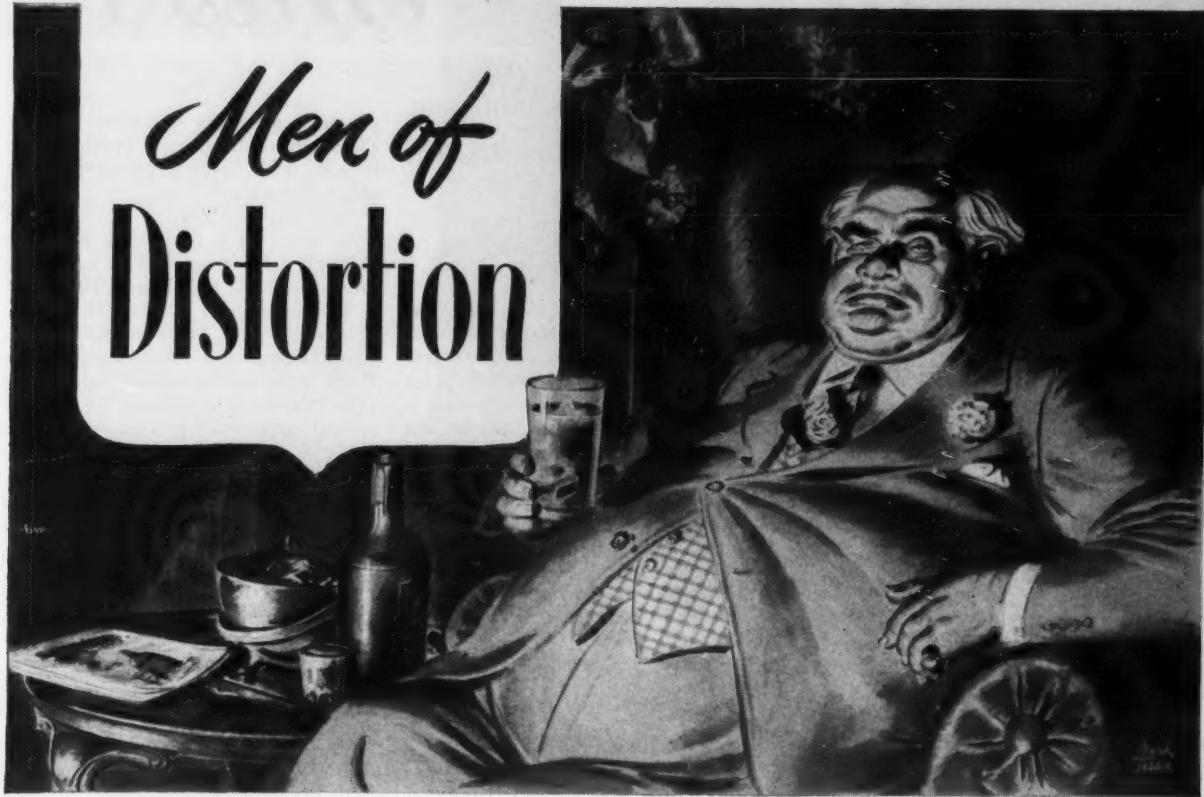
Well, that word "Christian" is also in our name and these sheets at once shame and challenge us. There is something to be done about it and Christians ought to do it. Those who set Americans against Americans now help set the world on fire. Those who exploit these baser passions are potentially the greater foes of freedom. They, more than Communists from abroad, threaten the Republic. They are more un-American than those who take their orders from Moscow. The minorities cannot be expected to save themselves. The Christian majority carries that weighted responsibility.

The oppressors who first encircled little Switzerland are gone, the mighty Hapsburgs have been liquidated, Hitler is a recent evil memory and the fires of his lethal chambers are cool, but the Swiss survived in power and the Jewish remnant from the holocaust of Nazi Germany has found the new Zion.

If we love America we must hate and destroy this hate.

*Daniel A. Poling*  
EDITOR OF *CHRISTIAN HERALD*

# Men of Distortion



Christmas Cheer, in the lexicon of liquor men, has no connotation with the advent of anything except profits for their pockets. Here's a behind-the-scenes look at a set of citizens to whom a falsehood is a lie only when it fails to prove a point they want to make.

By GEORGE KNOX STRONG  
ILLUSTRATOR: MARK TESAN

THE distillers and purveyors of liquor would like to win friends and influence people. They would like to gain the respect and confidence of the American public. They aspire, one might say, to be looked upon somewhat as the "Men of Distinction" pictured in the whiskey ads.

To make America think well—or at least tolerantly—of the liquor industry is the job of Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc. LBI, as it is known, calls itself the "public relations organization" of the liquor trade. It operates from a New York headquarters and field offices round the country.

LBI goes to great lengths—and great expense—to condition the American mind favorably toward those

who make and sell liquor. To this end it annually distributes 750,000 pamphlets, newsletters, press releases and other pieces of printed material. As if this deluge of literature upon editorial desks were not enough, LBI follows it up with 500 personal visits a year to editors, publishers and other moulders of public opinion. Its paid magazine advertisements, also designed to influence thinking, reach 108,000,000 readers, say LBI estimates.

On all this, LBI spends almost \$1 million a year. The liquor companies pay the bill and seem to think they get their money's worth. Right now LBI is seeking to mislead the American people on the matter of liquor taxation. Currently, its big job is to

get the next Congress to cut the Federal excise tax on distilled spirits from \$9 to \$6 a proof gallon. This has topmost priority on its agenda.

To sell Congress and the public on tax reduction, LBI has issued a 32-page pamphlet called "A Tax Story Everybody Should Know." It has been widely distributed to editors, Federal and State legislators, government officials, researchers and others who help shape public opinion. It purports to present "the facts."

LET'S take a look at these "facts" and their distortions.

The liquor industry would have you believe, for instance, that the present tax rates on liquor "are no

(Continued on page 71)

# Heaven Comes to

Even darkest Africa has no greater need of this Protestant parish than does New York's jammed, unhappy Harlem

By WILLIAM W. CLEMES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB ISEAR

**B**USY as a one-armed paper hanger" was a bitter joke for one-armed George the weekend his wife lay dying in the charity ward of a New York hospital. Hour after hour he pleaded frantically with friends and neighbors to donate blood to save her.

The men he worked with as a porter in Grand Central Station, his neighbors in the shabby tenements on his block in New York's East Harlem slums, one by one refused to help.

As he turned away from the last doorway, utterly defeated, a neighbor called after him. "George, maybe you'd do better if you try the new church around the corner."

Straightening his thin shoulders, George almost ran to what used to be a butcher shop but now bore a large sign identifying it as the "East Harlem Protestant Parish." As he burst in, he hardly noticed the Negro minister speaking to a small group gathered in a circle around a tiny altar. From the edge of the circle a pleasant-faced, fair-haired young minister came forward to George and said, "Come on in and join us, won't you?"

Almost incoherent with anxiety, George poured out his story. This was his last chance. Before he had finished, the minister put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "Of course we'll help. As soon as this service is over there are five of us on the staff who'll go right down to the hospital."

With hurried thanks, George rushed out to phone hospital authorities that help was on the way.

After the service, the Rev. Don Benedict, with the Negro minister, the Rev. Archie Hargraves, and three other staff members hurried out to their battered station wagon and drove to the hospital. Thanks to the pint of blood each donated, George's wife rallied and eventually recovered to go home to her husband and children.

This story of George and the swift action taken by the young ministers is typical of the East Harlem Protestant Parish. Started little more than a year

ago with the support of the home mission boards of the Baptist, Congregational-Christian, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, it represents a unique experiment in evangelizing a large city slum area. Here for the first time, established Protestantism is bringing low-income groups a dynamic and meaningful Christianity—a Gospel relevant to the multitude of practical problems besetting those on the shabby income fringes of our society.

An example of how the parish effectively combines religion with

practical affairs is the story of Mrs. Domingo Rodriguez, a Puerto Rican woman with seven children and another on the way.

One day last winter, she watched with terror as a coal truck rumbling through a street marked off as a play-area struck and killed her little Maria.

Two hours later, workers from Congressman Vito Marcantonio's Communist-dominated American Labor Party were on the streets with handbills expressing sympathy for the bereaved mother and promising action in the city council. Marcantonio's hard-working organization, politically dominant in East Harlem, is one of the forces from which the Parish has learned a lot.

Six weeks later, when Mrs. Rodriguez and her family were evicted from their three-room tenement flat



*Above, left: Staffmember Hugh Hostettler and his "gang" get ready for a trip. Right: Peg Eberhard and her class. Below, left: In tears, a girl comes to the Rev. Hargraves for help. Right: A ball game; the Rev. Benedict catching.*



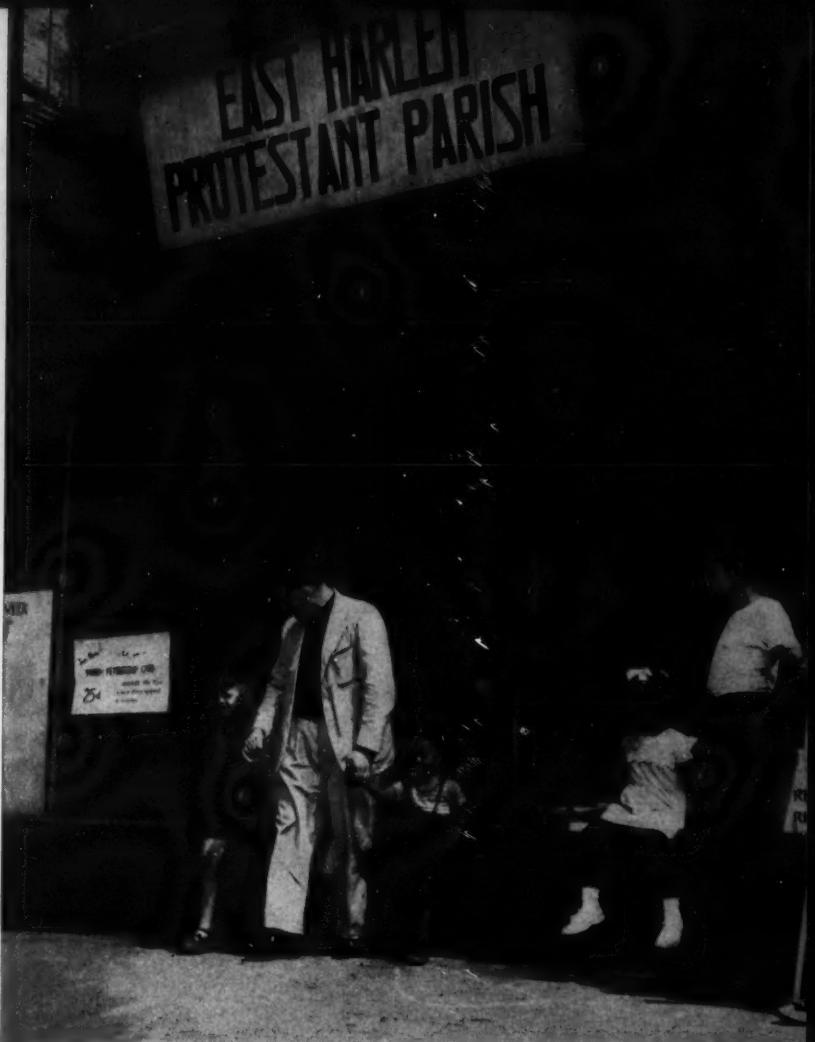
# II Harlem

the Parish ministers were on hand. They immediately set out to find the family another place to stay, persuaded the city's largest Spanish-language newspaper to provide financial aid, got a summons in criminal court for the landlord who had carried out the eviction.

That night the ministers and their staff met in emergency session to plot weekend strategy. They had learned Marcantonio's lesson in fast action well. Saturday, teen-agers from the church distributed mimeographed leaflets inviting everyone to Sunday worship and a protest meeting to follow. On Sunday, the tiny store-front was jammed; scores stood on the street. Others leaned on window-sills and watched curiously from doorways and from orange crates that served as sidewalk bleachers.

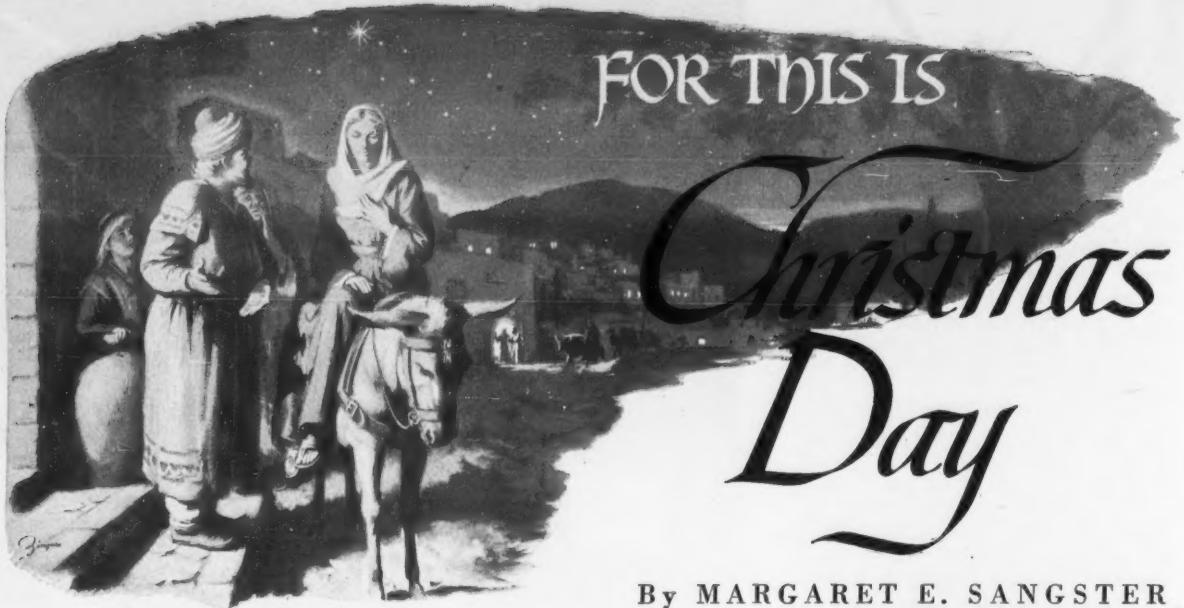
From a hastily rigged loudspeaker system, the neighborhood heard Hargraves' furious sermon on the eviction of the expectant mother. Quoting from Amos, Hargraves told of the wrath that will visit the unjust ". . . because they have ripped up the woman with child that they may enlarge their boundary . . . because they have sold

(Continued on page 22)



*The store-front church. The Rev. Benedict steps out with two youngsters in tow. Below, left: Staffmember John Wires and his class are fascinated by a tame, spotted rat. Right: Katharine Weins teaches her class of girls.*





FOR THIS IS

# Christmas Day

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ILLUSTRATOR: CHARLES ZINGARO

**T**HEY sat in a little glass-enclosed control room—the little glass cage which spelled destiny. The director, the engineer and sponsor's representative. The director was nervous; he kept glancing at his watch and muttering, and finally the sponsor's man asked: "What's biting you, Ed? Worried about the show?"

"Doing a show on Christmas morning is always a headache," nodded the director. "Especially when it's a religious show—especially when the sponsor doesn't allow enough rehearsal time." He glared at the engineer, who was yawning. "Hang up too many stockings last night?" he asked.

"Right," grinned the engineer, who was a bachelor. "How do you think Mary Davis will make out in the lead, Ed?"

The director growled and gestured toward the sponsor's representative. "Bill here is responsible for Mary."

"Everybody in the home office is crazy about Mary Davis," said the sponsor's man defensively. "They told me she was a must."

The director groaned. "They only know her as a voice," he said. "One of the richest voices on the air, I'll grant you that, but she's as nervous as a cat these days."

"Husband trouble," said the engineer. He yawned again. "The Davises were a happy couple once but they lost their kid—polio—and Mary went haywire, with the usual result. One leading man after another, if you know what I mean."

The sponsor's man said: "It seems irregular to talk like that about the woman who will portray the Madonna in a few minutes. It seems as if she should be set apart somehow from—"

The director interrupted. "Shush," he ordered, "here she comes. That tall handsome chap with her is the current leading man."

"He's just fresh out of the west, same like Lochinvar," threw in the engineer. "He's got a girl somewhere out west waiting for him—she's apt to have a long wait. That young fellow with a face like a saint—who's following them into the studio—he's Ronnie Carlton. He's the one the miracle happens to in the show. Too bad his face goes only skin deep."

"He looks about fourteen," said the sponsor's man.

"That's one of his stocks in trade," the director said. "He's really eighteen. Well, thank Heaven, it's a small cast. There's only one more to be late. Minnie Kent. She's the character woman."

**M**Y dad used to talk about a Minnie Kent," said the sponsor's man. "She was the toast of the gay nineties, or something."

"That's our Minnie!" yawned the engineer. "She belonged to the great period in the theater. The old gal gets an occasional plot thrown to her now—the way you throw a bone to a dog. . . . Well, there she is! Hail, hail the gang's all here. Merry Christmas!"

The director said: "I'll go out and give them some last minute tips. They



were okay during yesterday's rehearsals, but these religious scripts throw me off base. Thank goodness Christmas comes only once a year." He opened the door and went hastily out of the glass-enclosed room. The engineer stopped fiddling with the keys of the control board and slumped back and yawned with an unleashed violence. "Rugged night!" he explained. "God bless us all," said Tiny Tim!"

The sponsor's representative, who had made a special trip east to see the show go on the air, chewed at his lower lip.

"I'll never get used to radio, *never!*" he thought. "They're all so nonchalant about it—so hard-boiled. Out of this little square control room will come a show that's supposed to touch the hearts of millions. But how can it when they're so hard-boiled? That engineer sitting in front of his instrument board will control the lights and shadows—not only of Mary Davis' voice but of her heart. Nobody'll guess, when they hear her voice, that she's having trouble with her husband—that she's trying to

take the leading man away from his girl. Nobody'll think, when that Carleton boy speaks, that he isn't the sort to be blessed by a miracle! I wish," he thought, "that we'd taken a modern script. This New Testament story will never jell!"

**B**EYOND the walls of the control room the director was talking to his cast. Mary Davis was apparently listening to him but her eyes were on the handsome face of her leading man. The boy to whom the miracle would happen beat a tattoo on the pages of the blue-penciled script which lay spread out on the table in front of him. Old Minnie Kent, as bedraggled as a comedy charwoman, stared off into space. The organist, seated at the Hammond, was experimenting with chords.

The engineer spoke abruptly. "The author said she might drop in today," he told the sponsor's representative. "She's a nice girl. Usually goes in for sophisticated stuff, though—says she doesn't know how she happened to

write this particular show." He added, as an afterthought, "Might as well hear what's going on, out front," and turned a knob and the director's voice came through, petulantly, to them.

"For the love of mike, Mary," the director was saying, "keep your mind on the ball. You'll be out of here in far less than an hour. Surely you can keep your mind on the ball for—half an hour!"

"Look," questioned Mary's rich voice, "did I ever give you a bum show yet?"

"There's always got to be a first one," grated the director. He turned to the leading man whose eyes were glued to Mary's face. "Jim," he said, "your part's secondary to Mary's—but it's frightfully important. You have to give her an argument—while her husband's off somewhere—feeding the donkey, perhaps—trying to scare up a lodgings-place. There's no room for her, see—no room for her at all at the inn. They can't find a nook or cranny. You're washing your hands of the whole business.

(Continued on page 87)





## *Lines of a Layman*

### **THE HEROES OF MY OWN THINKING**

*By J. C. Penney*

**I**T MAY BE true and I think it is true that man as a fallen being, inclines to evil rather than to good. At any rate it is easier for him to yield to his passions than it is to heed the voices of self-control. We see examples of human frailty all about us, and within our own lives that record is written. Society itself reflects the weaknesses, the mistakes and the sins of its individual members.

But always there are exceptions to the rule. Always there are men and women who refuse to follow the line of least resistance, who rise above environment, who conquer temptations and who become moral and spiritual leaders of their fellow men. We are all indebted to them and every generation profits by their sacrifices. If I started to name those men and women who qualify for the applause of their fellow men I would run out of the space allotted me here very quickly. They appear in every walk of life and in every area of human activity. They need no eulogy from me; I with you and others are eternally in their debt.

And yet I cannot close these "Lines of a Layman" without naming a few of those who have been the heroes of my own thinking: Galileo, Newton, Franklin, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Robert Raikes, and Robert Faust. And from these and many others I turn to the incomparable benefactor of the world who is none other than Jesus Christ. He alone is universal. As a human benefactor He alone has served equally, all races, all conditions and all generations since He was born in a Bethlehem manger. He alone is both human and divine, very God and very man, and He alone moves across both time and space to open the gate of eternal life and fulfillment to all who will follow Him.

### **HEAVEN COMES TO HARLEM**

*(Continued from page 19)*

the needy for a pair of sandals . . .

"I think Amos must have had landlord trouble too," one listener said afterwards.

After the service, Hargraves, Benedict and Max Davila, a Parish layman who often translates services into Spanish, all in full ecclesiastical attire, led the group in solemn procession around the block to the tenement where Mrs. Rodriguez had once lived.

There, under the watchful but sympathetic eyes of two policemen in a squad car, they prayed in English and Spanish, circulated and signed a petition of protest to the Mayor.

The young ministers, social workers and teachers on this staff are as extraordinary as the Parish they have chosen. Only a group with as widely varied experiences and training as these young men and women possess could possibly grapple with the host of problems that arise in East Harlem.

Take Don Benedict for example. At one time he supported himself as a truck driver, gas station attendant and laundryman while he and three like-minded colleagues financed their own mission work in the slums of Detroit.

Early in the war he served two prison terms as a conscientious objector. But when he decided the outcome of the world-wide conflict mattered to him, he took action. He joined the Army Air Corps and served as a sergeant on Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

After the war, as a senior at Union Theological Seminary, he and another student, Bill Webber, made a survey of the church in East Harlem. In this congested area they found Negroes, Puerto Ricans, a scattering of Germans, Italians and other early populations, all jammed together in squalid tenements. Often two or three families lived in one three- or four-room flat.

They saw that five square blocks here might contain as many people as Salem, capital of Oregon, twice as many as Augusta, capital of Maine, and five times as many as Pierre, capital of South Dakota. Here they found poverty, bad housing and disease, inadequate schools and playgrounds, juvenile delinquency and adult violence.

Here they found the church represented chiefly by scores of tiny sects which met in storefronts where the lonely and disinherited found comfort in promises of a happier world to come. Here they found orthodox Protestant-

ism unable to meet the demands of the environment, ministering only to a loyal handful of the white congregations which had long since moved away.

Once they had their facts, plans to work in the area began to take shape. As for the staff—well, there was Benedict, of course, who had already devoted his life to working among low-income groups. There was Archie Hargraves, Negro, brilliant intellectual who had once planned to be a college professor but had decided while a U. S. Army officer in India that the ministry offered an outlet in which he could work with people as well as with ideas.

There was Bill Webber, former All-Eastern Harvard basketball star and war-time Navy lieutenant on a destroyer in the Atlantic, whose administrative know-how could keep the project on an even keel. There was Hugh Hostetler, son of a prominent Mennonite minister, whose two war years in Puerto Rico had given him an intimate knowledge of the people and their language. There was Mary Forman, daughter of Presbyterian missionaries in India, who had training and experience as a social worker.

**R**IIGHT off, the group decided that traditional church trappings—an impressive building, well-carpeted floors and stained-glass windows—would be more of a hindrance than a help. They wanted people to find them easily.

They began simply by setting up a small card table on one of the busiest blocks in the neighborhood and registered a hundred or more youngsters for a vacation Bible school. Although they had no church of their own, the school opened on schedule with space borrowed from three neighboring storefronts.

By fall they had a storefront of their own. With the willing children from the Bible school to help, they cleaned out two truckloads of rubbish, propped up the sagging floors and cleaned and painted inside and out.

Determined to make their church more than just a place of Sunday worship, they eyed a desolate vacant lot two doors away, typical of many that lie like scars among the ugly tenements of the district. "This could be a playground," they said.

They found that taxes on the lot had long gone unpaid and its owners had lost interest. After consultation with city officials and lawyers, they organized a block committee which took over the lot by "squatters' rights." Men and teenage boys spent days and evenings cleaning the lot while the womenfolk brought lunches and suppers. Already there are baseball games there because Joe Cronin, former manager

*(Continued on page 34)*

# Boy from Tsingtao



Staff Sgt. Arthur J. McCartney and Chan

By GORDON L'ALLEMAND

WO tall U.S. marines went striding along through the early evening Chinese crowd on their way to the Tsingtao Pavilion for dinner. Staff Sgt. Arthur J. McCartney of Delco, Idaho, gazed at the swarms of poorly clad, dirty Chinese boys roaming underfoot, picking up cigarette butts, begging, doing anything to earn a penny.

"There's not a clean kid in China," McCartney growled.

"I'll show you one," said his pal Sgt. Woodard.

They turned off through the Russian section, then part of the native quarter, and approached the Y.M.C.A. Several marines were gathered around the shoeshine boys clustered before the main entrance. Woodard pointed and said nothing. One boy was as clean and neat as a whistle, hair combed, thin face shining.

McCartney stared at the ten-year-old, busy before a portable chair, shining efficiently away at a marine's shoes. "Hello, Chan," Woodard said as he and McCartney moved up. Chan's face broke into a smile. "Chan,

this is my pal, Sgt. McCartney. You guys ought to be friends."

The boy grinned as McCartney hoisted his towering six feet three into the chair. When Chan had finished the marines paid him and tipped him fifteen cents each. McCartney looked back and saw Chan staring after him as he moved into the swirling crowd.

Something drew Sgt. McCartney back often to see the little shoeshine boy. Chan spoke only a few words of English. But his 15-year-old Chinese pal "Bobby" spoke plenty.

One night McCartney sauntered by for an unneeded shine and to take Chan to supper. "Chan sick. Maybe back tomorrow," said the bright Bobby. "I give you shine."

McCartney sat down. "You know Chan long time?" he asked.

"Sure," avowed Bobby. "Me and Chan come same village. Jichow, up in Shantung province, maybe 180 miles."

"His folks poor farmers?"

"No," scoffed Bobby. "Rich land owners. Lots land. My people poor farmers, work on his father's land."

"What happened? Why are Chan and his father here alone?" McCartney continued.

Bobby smeared on tan polish and buffed away expertly at the gleaming shoes. "Oh, bandits, lots bandits. Japanese come about 1940. Lots family trouble too, you know. Chan mama die. Japs kills his uncles. His papa and him and me finally get out prison camp and come here maybe 1941. Chan maybe three years old. You know."

"Yeah," agreed McCartney thoughtfully.

Bobby looked up through narrowed lids. "You like Chan?"

McCartney didn't answer. Maybe he did like the lonely, clean little Chan. Anyway, he was worried. How sick was the boy? Well, he would find out tomorrow.

CHAN was at the old stand the next afternoon as McCartney approached. Chan looked all right.

"You sick?" McCartney said making signs at his stomach.

"Not Chan. His father very sick," explained Bobby. (Cont'd page 76)



# The Man who

His garden was his hobby; the weather—the constant change in the elements—was his whole life. He was a queer old man...or was he?

By BESS STREETER ALDRICH

**H**E lived next door to us when I was a girl—old Mr. Parline. To be sure, his wife lived there, too, but we never saw very much of her. She was one of the immaculate housewives of that day, whose life was bounded by the hundred small tasks of a home into which the modern button-pushing conveniences had not come. A shy, effacing woman she was—“mousy” describes her too well to abandon the term for its mere triteness. Mr. Parline was the one who did the talking, who neighbored with the rest of us, who came to the back door bringing us gifts from his garden.

The Parline house sat in the midst of trees and flowers like Ceres among her fruits. We were just then emerging from the dark age of fences into the enlightened era of open lawns. By your fenced or fenceless condition you were known as old-fashioned or up-to-date. One by one the picket and the fancy iron and the rough board fences on our street had gone down before the god of Fashion. Mr. Parline, alone, retained his—a neat picket, painted as white as the snowballs that hung over it, Juliet-like, from their green foliage balconies.

The shrubbery was not so artistically placed as that of to-day. We had not learned to group it against houses and walls, leaving wide stretches of lawn. Single bushes dotted Mr. Parline's lawn, a hydrangea here, a peony there, a tiger lily beyond, in spaded spots of brown, mulch-filled earth, like so many chickens squatting in their round nests.

The Parlines were of English extraction, although both had been born in Vermont. There was a faintly whispered tale that they were cousins, but there was no one so intimate as to verify the gossip and no one so prying as to ask.

Mr. Parline was a half head shorter than his tall, slender wife. He was stocky of body, a little ruddy as to complexion, like the color of his apples, a little fuzzy as to face, like the down on

his peaches. There was a quiet dignity about him that fell just short of pomposity. “Mr. Parline” his wife called him, in contrast to the “John” and “Sillas” and “Fred” with which the other women spoke of their liege lords. Where other women in the block ran into our home with the freedom of close acquaintances, Mrs. Parline alone occasionally came sedately in at the front gate in a neat brown dress covered with a large snowy apron starched to cardboard stiffness.

It was Mr. Parline who came often. With that manner which was paradoxically gentle and pompous, he would bring us edibles from his garden all summer long on a homemade flat wooden tray. That garden, as neat as constant care could make it, was the delight and despair of every one who attempted to emulate it. Not a pigweed showed its stubborn head. Not a mullein stalk lifted its thick velvety self. The bricklaid paths, without sign of leaf, might have been swept, even scrubbed. As for the growing contents of the garden, they made a varicolored and delightful picture. In its perfection every cabbage might have been a rose, every beet an exotic tropical plant, the parsley dainty window-box ferns. To Mr. Parline there was no dividing line between the beauty of flowers and the beauty of vegetables. With impartiality he planted marigolds near the carrots and zinnias next to the beans.

“Just a little of the fruits of my labor,” was his dignified greeting on those occasions when he tapped at the back door. In the center of the wooden tray might repose a cabbage, the dew still trembling upon the silver sheen of its leaves, around it a lovely mass of the delicate shell-pink of sweet peas. One felt it as much of a sacrilege to plunge the cabbage into hot water as it would have been to cook the sweet peas. Or, he might have several bunches of grapes in merging shades of wine-red and purple, their colors melting into the wine-red and purple colors

of shaggy asters. Old Mr. Parline had the heart of a poet and the eye of an interior decorator.

We never saw Mrs. Parline pulling a vegetable or cutting a flower. Occasionally, at evening, she walked in the paths with all the interest and curiosity of a stranger, evidently considering the garden as sacred ground as did the rest of us. Indeed, Mother was at their back door one day when Mr. Parline came up the path with the inevitable wooden tray. There were beets on the tray, their tops cut, their bodies like blood-red hearts, around them white Sweet Williams and crimson phlox. “I was just bringing my wife some of the fruits of my labor,” he said in his courteous, half-pompous way.

We laughed about the phrase at home. Ours was a noisy, hilarious, fun-loving family. One member might bring in a mess of dirty potatoes in a battered oil pail. “A little of the fruits of my labor,” he would imitate Mr. Parline's pompous dignity. Or another, coming in with the first scrawny radishes, might have placed a few limp dandelions around them as a floral satire on the contents of Mr. Parline's wooden tray.

**I**F THE garden was the old man's hobby, the weather was his very life. It was inconceivable that any one should be so wrapped up in the constant change of the elements. To other busy people the weather was incidental to their labors, the setting in which they performed their tasks. It might be pleasant or inconvenient, but it remained a side issue. To old Mr. Parline it was the important event of the day. He scanned the heavens, read the almanac, watched for signs of changes. Of the last he had a thousand at his command. If the sun went down in clouds on Friday night, if it rained the first Sunday in the month, if a dog ate grass, if the snow stuck to the north sides of the trees—he knew to a nicety what the results would be. To old Mr.

# Caught the Weather

Parline the weather was not the background. It was the picture itself. It was not the mere setting for daily living. It was life itself. No government official connected with the Weather Bureau made it more his life's thought.

In the kitchen he kept a large calendar upon which he made notations for the day. Every vagrant shifting of the wind, every cloud that raced across the blue was recorded. For what purpose no one knew. *Another slight dash of snow at noon. Temperature 34. Sun came out at 3 p. m.* It seemed so small, so trivial, that a man should give so much time and thought to that which he could not change. He had thermometers by the house, on the north

side to show the coldest registration, on the south to get the hottest, in the garden, by the barn. They were like traps everywhere—baited with mercury—little traps to catch the weather.

FROM Mr. Parline's conversation one gathered that an overseeing Providence had given him exclusive charge of the elements. If his words did not utter it, his manner implied it. "Well, how do you like my June day?" his attitude seemed to be. If the day was bad, he was apologetic. If it was pleasant, he glowed with satisfaction.

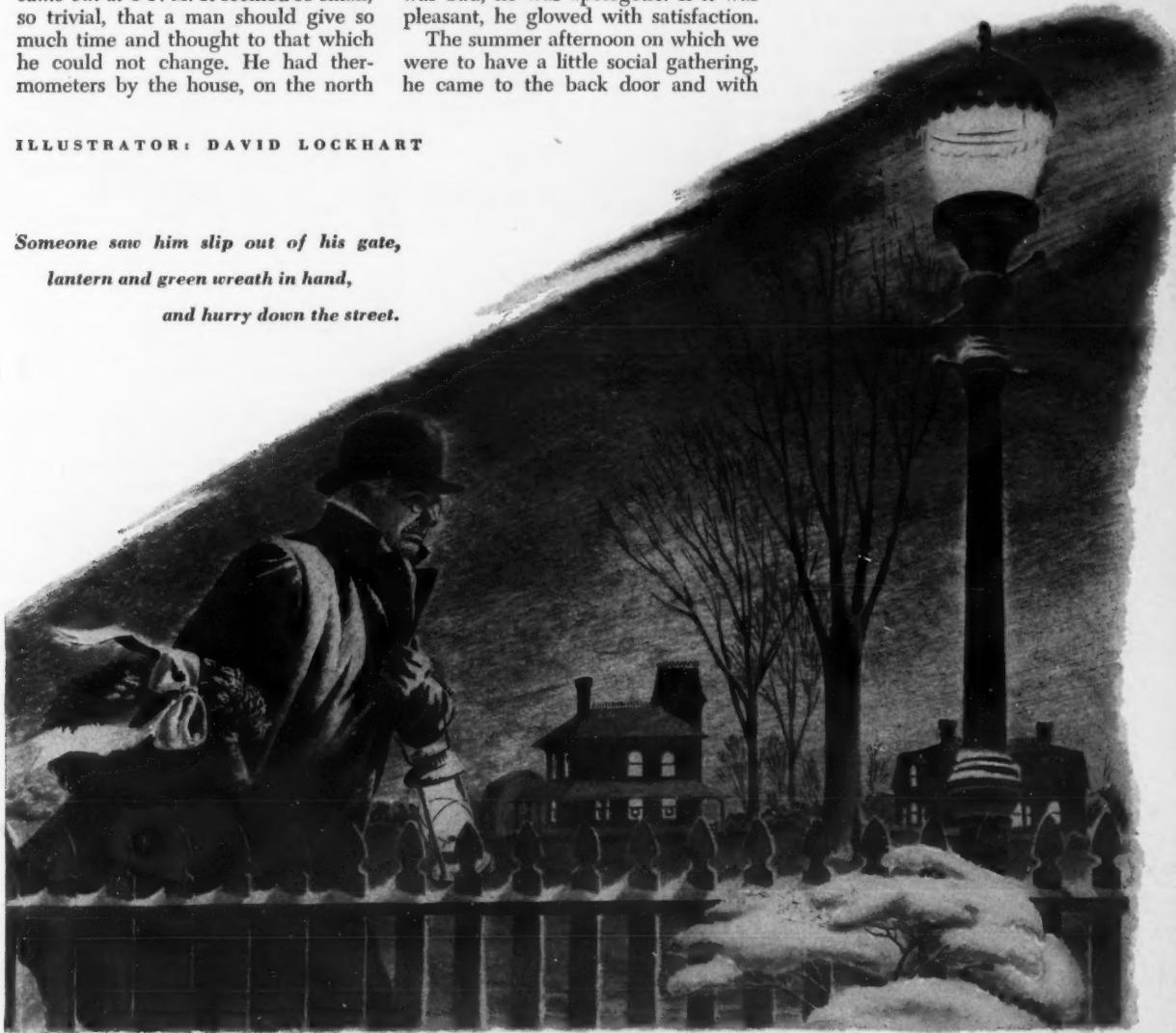
The summer afternoon on which we were to have a little social gathering, he came to the back door and with

genuine feeling told us how sorry he was that the day was dull and rainy. His manner showed humiliation, as though from the standpoint of neighborliness he had failed us in a crisis. "I am very sorry," he said in his gentle, half-pompous way. "I had thought—had every reason to believe—that it would be sunshiny." We assured him that we bore him no grudge, and he went home relieved, returning with the wooden tray on which lay a heap of

(Continued on next page)

ILLUSTRATOR: DAVID LOCKHART

*Someone saw him slip out of his gate,  
lantern and green wreath in hand,  
and hurry down the street.*



## FOLLOW YOUR STAR

*Follow your star!*

*Who waits for highway's beaten path  
Before he puts his footsteps down,  
Though strong and learned he may be,  
Will never wear the Saviour's crown.*

*Follow your star!*

*Fear not to heed the voice within,  
Or chart a course by unseen sun.  
Dig you by heaven's divining rod  
And let the precious water run.  
Did not the wise in days of old  
Proclaim a star and find a king?  
Not one that human wisdom raised  
But Christ of whom the angels sing.*

*The secret of command and power*

*Is law which kings themselves obey,  
Who lets himself be ruled by God  
Will share the source of might today,  
The Magi bowed to little child,  
For by the infant God is won,  
What eyes of hate can see as far  
As love's lone eye that sees as one?  
No gifts of science can compare  
To those the ancient Wise Men bore,  
No art can hold a flame to love  
Or light a path where men adore.*

*When Herod's counsel brings no hope  
And less is learned from men of wit,  
When scribes and priests cannot make sense  
Of sacred records holy writ,  
Forsake the learning of the great —  
Your journey can be made complete —  
The star that brought you half the way  
Will light the path beneath your feet.  
Let childhood insight be your guide.  
There is no surer road to truth,  
The shadows cast by reason's heights  
Obscure the goal so plain in youth.*

*When Cosmos speaks, by star or dream,  
Obey the sign from heaven's dome,  
By it the ice of doubt will melt  
And peace forever be your home.  
Follow your star the year around,  
As do the darkling planets, all.  
Its gleam will lead the man aright,  
Its mystic beckon is your call.  
Follow your star, although it mark  
A grave beneath the surging brine,  
Follow your star and you will learn  
The Hand that guides you is divine.*

DANIEL KAIPER

Dedicated to my classmate at the Yale Divinity School, the late Chaplain Clark Poling.

ruby cherries, a delicate mass of baby's breath around them.

Was there a great national event, his talk turned immediately to the weather in which it was consummated. When he read the newspapers he seemed to ignore the main issue of the news. The weather, lurking in the background, was apparently of greater importance to him than the magnitude of the event. On the day of Admiral Dewey's triumph, he spoke immediately of the weather, wondering whether it had been dull or sunny in the harbor. At an inauguration there was no comment from him concerning the great issue of the day, the change in the policy of the Administration. He gave forth no acclamation or condemnation of the new head of the Government. His mind dwelt only on the fact that the new President was having to ride up Pennsylvania Avenue in a mist.

Vegetables, flowers, and the weather — they were Mr. Parline's whole existence. Such little things they were, we said. Whether his wife was bored by the triviality of his life, we could not know. She was too reserved for any one to sense her reactions to her husband's small interests. We could see her working about the house all day. Sometimes she brought out quilts and hung them on the line for cleaning. They were of intricate patterns, beautifully pieced and quilted—the Rose of Sharon, the Log Cabin, the Flower Basket, and the Rising Sun. "I'll bet the old man sleeps under the Rising Sun," one of the family remarked and we laughed uproariously at the joke.

In the evening Mrs. Parline often came out and strolled through the paths, stepping gingerly about like a stranger, listening to the old man's courteous, half-pompous talk. She was deeply afraid of storms, he had told us years before. And when one saw the first dark clouds looming up from the southwest in summer, or the first gray ones rolling in from the north in winter, one also saw old Mr. Parline hurrying home, his square, heavy body swinging along out of its accustomed slower movements. To get home to Mrs. Parline when there was rain or hail or snow was his first duty. It was the only time when he ever seemed thrown out of his pompous calm. You saw them later through the windows looking out at the storm together.

The Parlines attended a little ivy-grown church where the old gentleman passed the collection box. When his own part of the service was over he would take a seat near the door, one eye on the sky. It was as though he must have everything as auspicious as possible when the congregation should return home. One wondered if he

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# Relax! think of your BLOOD PRESSURE

By HARRY B. LOGAN, JR.

ILLUSTRATOR: PHILIP MARINI

WHEN Miss Emma passed away, her friends were heartbroken. "Good people seem to die so young!" they exclaimed. Miss Emma was only 42, a prominent member of her church and woman's club. She was always doing the distasteful jobs that no one else would bother about. Her unfailing good humor was contagious and made the best parties even better.

Oddly enough, no one paid much attention to the fact that she was grossly overweight. If it was mentioned, Miss Emma would laugh at herself and say, "If this is the way I'm to be, why should I try to be otherwise?" Then

she'd go out into the kitchen and get a box of cookies, nibble on them for the rest of the day. On the death certificate Miss Emma's physician wrote "heart failure." But that really wasn't true.

At 47 and in the prime of life, Charles Burke was admired and envied by his fellow townsmen. He was a go-getter, with the finest real estate business in the county. He also had a grand house and a lovely wife to go with it. When his associates invited him to go on a fishing trip or attend some social event he'd refuse, saying, "It takes too much time away from work."

The afternoon that the local radio

station announced Charles' death from apoplexy his friends were stunned. "He was so vigorous," they said and added wonderingly, "he had so much to live for." They would have been amazed to know that Charles Burke really didn't die of apoplexy.

Claire Fullop, a farmer's wife, was helping her husband hook a cultivator behind his tractor. Suddenly she staggered, gasped, "John, my eye! I can't see!" The small veins in her left eye had hemorrhaged, blinding her. She thought her physician was ridiculing her when he pointed out that her body—not her eyes—had gone bad. She had always considered herself healthy.

In the town's general hospital a surgeon removed an infected kidney from Mary Lyddy. It was a simple operation, but uremic poisoning set in. Only heroic penicillin therapy saved Mary. Later, she refused to believe her doctor when he told her that she alone was to blame for her illness.

ALTHOUGH these unrelated incidents happened to different people, and although the ending was not the same, the four principals had one thing in common: *high blood pressure*. Or, as physicians now prefer to describe the disease, hypertension. It is an ailment peculiar to the 20th century, rising out of our fast-paced way of life. It is the price you pay for success, the penalty of ambition, the tragic consequence of chronic nervous tension.

If you are a typical individual, the chances are one in twenty-three that you are among the six million victims of hypertension, that it caught up with you at the average age of 37. And the chances are one in three that you will die or suffer from it later in one of these five ways: heart failure, apoplexy, blindness, nephritis, or uremia.

Yet—significantly—this need not happen to you. You don't have to pay the disastrous penalties usually exacted by hypertension. Some cases can be cured, some can be arrested. One out of each three victims can live out their allotted span. The others can prolong their lives for many years.

How can this be accomplished? Take the case of Major Phillip Jones, who retired from army service at the age of fifty, and with a blood pressure of 199. He lived to be 74. His wife also had high blood pressure and survived him, meanwhile raising a family of three vigorous boys. How did they achieve this? By learning—as you too can learn—to live with high blood pressure.

In the first place, they realized that something was wrong when hypertension telegraphed its arrival with uncomfortable back-of-the-head aches in

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# This was Moody

With evangelism in the air these days, perhaps the planners of the great Protestant Advance could make profitable reference to the greatest evangelist of modern times. Dead 50 years ago this month, Dwight L. Moody lives on!

By FRANK S. MEAD

WHEN, one bleak December afternoon in 1899, the editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* got it over the wire that Dwight L. Moody was dead, he wrote his lead: "No man has yet arisen in this city and gone from it who has so moved the human world!" That took in a lot of men, time and territory, but it was probably correct, except for the fact that Dwight L. Moody was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, and merely paused a while in Chicago on his way to greatness.

Moody talked to more people than any other man had ever talked to, up to the advent of radio. He was the most popular and beloved, and perhaps the most influential, preacher of religion ever produced on American soil. With no education worth mentioning, and never an orator, he preached in the heyday of Beecher and Bob Ingersoll and drew bigger crowds than both of them together ever drew. He said "ain't" and "don't" whenever he felt like it, and still packed them in at staid and proper Yale, Wellesley and Cambridge as easily as he got them on the kerosene circuit. Once in Glasgow he arrived late and couldn't get into the hall for the crowd outside; he stood up in his carriage and preached to 50,000 in the street.

He could come into hamlets and great cities where the churches were as cold—and as uninhabited—as Greenland's icy mountains, and in 48 hours have them pounding on the doors to hear him preach. He'd

preach anywhere, to one or ten thousand. Woodrow Wilson went into a barber-shop for a shave, overheard Moody talking religion to the barber at the next chair, and left the place thinking he'd been in church. The two men never met, never even saw each other.

Some still say he had a magic touch; actually he had nothing more than a heart big enough and warm enough to take in everybody. He just set himself on fire—or, more correctly, let God fire him—and multitudes came to watch him burn. He just stood there, a stocky little man with a great black beard and a Bible in his hand, and talked to folks, and they got it and liked it.

Accompanying him was a man named Ira Sankey, who sang as well as Moody preached. Like Moody, he never knew the schools; Sankey never had a voice lesson in his life. But once the sign was out that "Moody Will Preach, Sankey Will Sing!" traffic stopped and the town beat a path to their tabernacle door. America has never seen anything like it since.

Graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, Moody had a rough-and-tumble, give-and-take evangelism that won chuckles and converts by the thousand. He was never cheap or sensational or guilty of a studied gesture, but he was mercilessly impatient in the business of saving souls.



One long-winded brother on one of his platforms took too long saying a lot of nothing and made the fatal error of taking a second too long drawing a breath; Moody pounced on him: "Now, sir, that's perfect! If you add a single word you'll spoil it. Let's all sing No. 123."

In another service a baby started to cry; the embarrassed mother got up and started out, and Moody stopped her: "Sit down, mother! I think my lungs are as strong as the baby's. If anyone in this audience doesn't like it, let *him* leave." Then he announced that the next afternoon he would have a service for mothers-and-babies only. He had a crowd; a lot of women borrowed babies to get in.

**H**E had no patience with clap-trap or with ecclesiastical red tape that stymied so many of the preachers of his day. Once he fidgeted as an over-pious committee ploughed its confused way through protocol and precedent; he watched their antics and listened to their nonsense as long as he could, and then briefly offered prayer: "Dear Lord, please give us a little common sense!"

He was never irreverent about prayer; he was just practical about it. He knew what prayer could do, and what it couldn't do. A pale, weary-looking preacher once boasted that he had been up all the night before, agonizing over the sins of his people. Moody said quietly, "You were wrong doing that. I am a pretty robust man, but I have never weakened myself by such unnatural exercises and worry. You should trust the Lord more, brother."

He went to a rich man in Chicago to ask for a contribution to the YMCA. "I think I'll sign for \$5,000," said the millionaire, "but first I'll

have to go upstairs and pray about it." Moody prayed downstairs: "Lord, tell him to make it \$10,000." He made it ten. During a financial campaign, an aide suggested that they pause and ask the Lord to put it into the head of a certain rich man to give \$400 and Moody said, "I wouldn't bother the Lord with that; I'd do it myself."

He took his preaching and praying orders from the Lord, never from any man. He had one message to preach, and it was summed up in one word: Love. He never detoured from that; you can read a thousand Moody sermons and never find the name of a scientist or a quote from Shakespeare or an over-emphasis on eternal punishment. There isn't a whiff of brimstone in a carload of him. He believed in hell, but he loved people so much that he hated to mention it.

In the big dining-room of his Bible Institute in Chicago, a faculty member unwittingly cracked a joke about the infernal regions; everybody laughed but Moody, who said quietly, "If you must talk about hell, let it be with tears in your voice."

Setting up one of the first teaching schedules at the Institute, he provided courses on Repentance, Conversion, Regeneration, Atonement, Justification, Faith, Law and Grace, Redemption, Assurance, Love, and

the Resurrection. Hell was conspicuous by its absence.

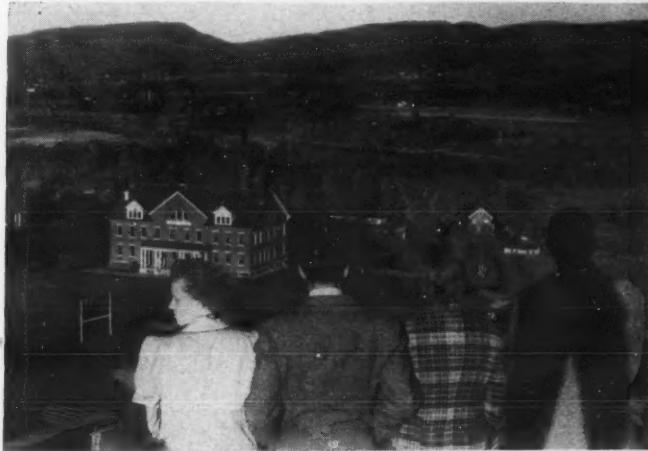
During the famous Briggs heresy trial in 1893, a reporter asked Moody for a statement. He got it: "I'm not up on that sort of thing. I never studied theology, and I'm precious glad I didn't. There are so many things in the Bible that everybody can understand that I'm going to preach about them until they're exhausted, and then, if I have any time left, I'll take up the texts I don't understand. The single verse, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest,' is all the theology I need."

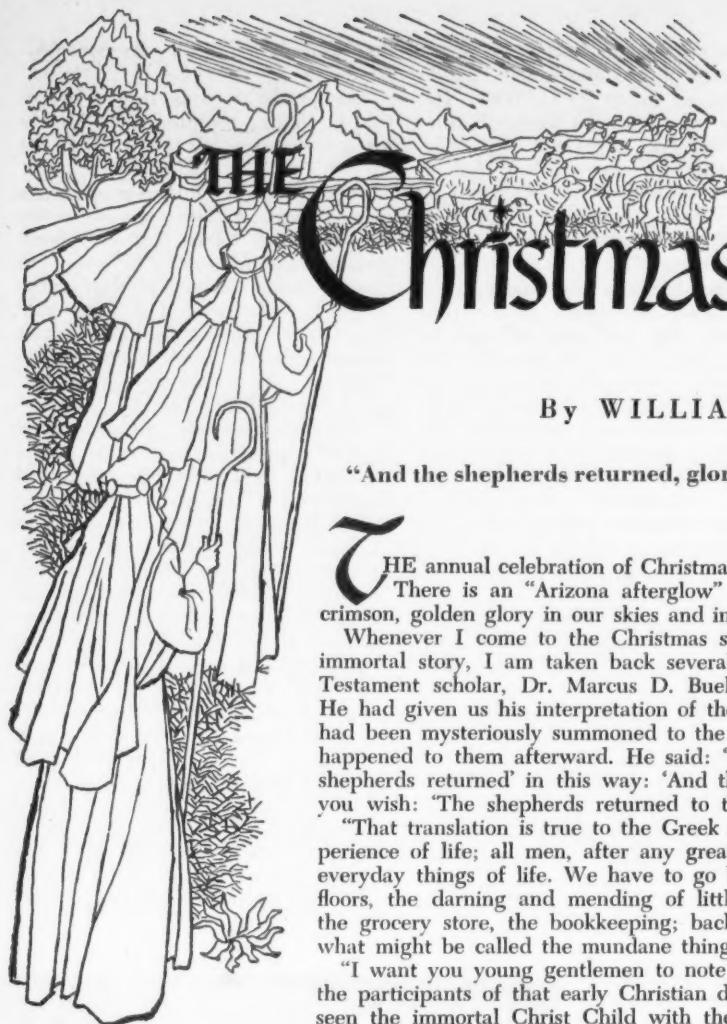
But this theology could become painfully powerful in human affairs at times. A minister in Northfield remarked that he had no interest in a forthcoming election, inasmuch as "my citizenship is in heaven." Moody snorted: "Well, my friend, you'd better bring it down to earth for the next sixty days." When a young critic laughed off all theology and religion with the flat statement that men and the world were created by sheer accident, Moody smiled and asked him, "If that's true, sir, why didn't your tongue come out on top of your head? Or did it?"

He was hard on the sceptics and the fools, but he loved them as he loved the others. A brash young college sophomore once irked him so

(Continued on page 54)

*Opposite page: Moody and some students out for a drive; his granddaughter sits on his lap. Below and right: Moody founded the Northfield School for Girls and, across the Connecticut River, the Mt. Hermon School for Boys, both well known.*





# THE Christmas Afterglow

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

"And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God." LUKE 2:20

**T**HE annual celebration of Christmas makes us all a little kinder, taller and gentler. There is an "Arizona afterglow" to the Christmas celebration which leaves a crimson, golden glory in our skies and in the skies of the whole world.

Whenever I come to the Christmas season and begin to catch the beauty of this immortal story, I am taken back several years to a Greek class taught by the New Testament scholar, Dr. Marcus D. Buell, at Boston University School of Theology. He had given us his interpretation of the Scriptures' account of those characters who had been mysteriously summoned to the stable, and then began to speculate on what happened to them afterward. He said: "I always like to translate that text 'And the shepherds returned' in this way: 'And the shepherds returned *to their flocks*.' Or, if you wish: 'The shepherds returned to their sheep.'"

"That translation is true to the Greek and it is even more true to the universal experience of life; all men, after any great spiritual experience, must go back into the everyday things of life. We have to go back to the dishwashing, to the sweeping of floors, the darning and mending of little stockings, the patching of pants; back to the grocery store, the bookkeeping; back to the tall buildings in the cities; back to what might be called the mundane things of life; back to living and making a living.

"I want you young gentlemen to note what the text says about what happened to the participants of that early Christian drama. Note that the Wise Men, after having seen the immortal Christ Child with their own eyes, each returned another way to his country. And, if you use your God-given imaginations, you will know that each of those Wise Men—for they *were* wise men—went back to his country a bigger, taller, kinder and better and wiser man than when he came to that great rendezvous."

There was a hush on that crowd of students as their favorite teacher continued: "And note, young gentlemen, what it says about the mother of Jesus, one of the most beautiful sayings in the New Testament, a poem in itself. It says: 'And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.'

On and on the great teacher went with his original interpretation of the Christmas story, impressing upon us the truth that the vital thing about the spirit of Christmas is how it eventuates in human life. If the glow and glory of the Christmas experience makes a human being taller, kinder, more loving, more conscious of the needs of other human beings, then it becomes real. It is what carries over into life that causes it to have meaning and power.

The poets have taught me that Dr. Buell's interpretation of the Christmas story is the universal and the practical interpretation. Edwin Markham caught its full meaning:

*(Continued on page 32)*





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ing in his poem "The Shoes of Happiness," the last stanza of which reads:

*Now have the homely things been  
made*

*Sacred, and a glory on them laid.  
For he whose shelter was a stall,  
The King, was born among them  
all.*

*He came to handle saw and plane,  
To use and hallow the profane:*

*Now is the holy not afar  
In temples lighted by a star,  
But where the loves and labors are.  
Now that the King has gone this  
way,*

*Great are the things of every day.*

And, if Edwin Markham had not confirmed the interpretation that Dr. Buell gave us of the Christmas story, then John Masefield in "The Everlasting Mercy" did so most effectively in these lines:

*He who gives a child a treat  
Makes joybells ring on heaven's  
street;*

*He who gives a child a home  
Builds palaces in Kingdom Come;  
And she who gives a child its birth  
Brings Savior Christ again to earth.*

If the poets had not taught me this truth of the Christmas story, life itself has taught it. Most of us know what it means to have summer vacation experiences which lift our souls into new spiritual beauties. We have visited the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the Catskills, the thundering, awe-inspiring grandeur of a Niagara; and we know that, once having had such experiences, our souls have never been the same.

We cannot always be on vacation. We cannot always dwell on some mountain peak. We cannot always live close enough to touch the stars. We ultimately have to come back from vacations and the Christmas experiences. We must, like the shepherd, get back to our flocks. But, glory be to God, we can bring back with us the memories and the spiritual ecstasies of great experiences into the mundane walks of life!

"And the shepherds returned to their sheep." But when they returned they had a great and rich and life-lifting memory of kneeling at the manger of a little child, of angels singing, of a star shining in the sky.

And, even if the poets had not taught me, and life's experiences had not fused in my soul the interpretation my old theological teacher gave me of the Christmas story, then a book I read a few years ago gave me a simple story to press it deep into my heart. The book was entitled "The Little Old Lady," and it was written by Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, then dean of Drew Theological Seminary.

In that book there was a story about a little boy in a humble home who, on Christmas night, had been permitted to stay up far beyond his usual bedtime to sit on his daddy's lap and look up at the lighted Christmas tree, while the mother (as usual) was in the kitchen washing the dinner dishes. Finally worn out by the day's festivities and excitements, that little tyke fell asleep on his father's lap and dreamed a dream.

He dreamed that a white angel came drifting into the room, flew up to the top of the Christmas tree, gently lifted the topmost candle from its socket, flew down to the little boy, put it in his hand and said to him: "Never let the candle of Christmas love go out. Keep it burning all the year!" Then the little fellow stirred sleepily on his father's lap.

The father called out to the young mother in the kitchen: "I guess he's asleep; the day has been too much for him. I'll take him upstairs."

GENTLY he carried his son up to bed, undressed him, slipped his white pajamas on, and laid him in his little bed without waking him. Then he tucked him in, bent over and kissed his hot cheeks good-night.

But, just as he lifted himself from that good-night kiss, the little boy stirred, reached his arms around his father's neck, pulled him down until the father's cheeks were against his baby face and said sleepily, "Daddy, please don't let the candle go out or the Christmas angel go away."

Mystified, that young father went downstairs and told the mother what the boy had said, wondering what it was all about. But the mother, wiser in the ways of children than most men are, said: "Jimmy's been dreaming, that's all. And to me, what he seems to have dreamed makes good sense—we must keep the beautiful spirit of Christmas alive in our hearts all the years through, rather than just on Christmas week or Christmas day." Then she went back to her dish-washing with little songs singing in her heart, and when the father went back to his reading in the next room he could hear her rich contralto voice softly singing: "Silent night, holy night . . . Holy infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace . . ."

As the husband heard his young wife's rich voice singing above the clatter of the dishes, a mist came into his eyes, a lump into his throat, and he knew for the first time what the real spirit of Christmas meant. It meant carrying that spirit into the everyday tasks of life through all the year.

*"And the shepherds returned to their sheep."* THE END

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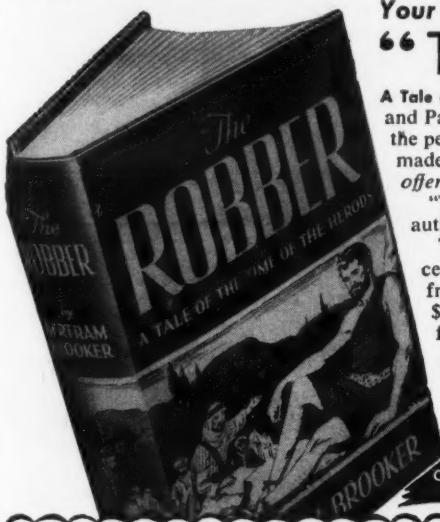
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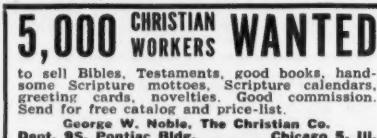
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## HEAVEN COMES TO HARLEM

(Continued from page 22)

of the Boston Red Sox, donated a dozen major league baseballs and bases. Twice a week after dark, two or three hundred neighbors bring chairs to see movies projected on the wall of an adjacent tenement.

One of the first groups to get active in the Parish were the Crusaders. They got their start through the escapade of a 14-year-old girl. Missing from home for nearly a week, she was found by one of the ministers in a downtown movie house. On the way home the minister suggested that she help organize a group her own age at the church. "Then you won't have to run away for excitement," he said.

The girl was back the next night with fifteen friends. These youngsters who formed the nucleus of the Parish's young people's group were what any city cop or social worker would recognize as delinquents—or headed in that direction.

One was little Joe, whose shrewd dark eyes had seen things never meant for a child. At the age of twelve, he was living in a house of prostitution, soliciting male customers. And since, as a youngster, he was not under constant police surveillance, he made pocket money smuggling marijuana. Picked up occasionally and returned home by truant officers, he would quickly go back to his ugly trade when his irritable mother threatened to send him to a reformatory.

It would be a mistake to report that Joe has been converted into a model boy. Joe had to be coaxed a good deal by Benedict before he took part in a health and housing survey made by the young people's group for the East Harlem District Health Council. He was reluctant at first to assist the group in rounding up 2,000 neighbors for free chest X-rays. He was not the most eager member when they organized a festive carnival and block party last summer.

But, in Benedict, Joe found his first real companion and friend. It was Benedict's influence expressed simply through kindness and attention that finally caused Joe to break with his former associates.

"Gee, Don," he once said wistfully, "I want to be like you and Archie—maybe I could be a minister too."

Joe used to be a notorious truant, but he attends school regularly now and lives with his mother. Although she is a Catholic, his mother has asked Benedict to keep both Joe and her younger son under his wing. And last summer when the landlord asked her for a rent increase, Benedict was the first person she called on for advice.

Youngsters in their early teens are the most enthusiastic members of the

Parish. Every project undertaken by the church finds the teenagers among the chief organizers and participants. Whole neighborhood gangs have been drawn into the Parish. The Flame Throwers—a former group of gun-toting youngsters—are now known as the Saints, the Roaring Lions as the Puritans, the Block Busters as the Crusaders.

Although the teenagers were easily accessible, their elders, made suspicious by long years of trouble, were a tougher problem.

Bill, for example, was perplexing even to this resourceful church. Resentful and moody, he made life unbearable for his wife, seven children and four in-laws in their cramped four-room flat. Domestic friction and excessive drinking made it impossible for him to keep a steady job. Often, overcome with an overwhelming sense of failure, he would shout, "I ought to drown myself in the East River!"



## THE LITTLEST LAMB

The littlest lamb in the stable  
Felt lonely and cold one night,  
So it cuddled close to a babe  
On the straw in the pale starlight.  
And the babe put its little arm  
Around the lambkin's head,  
And the littlest lamb in the stable  
Felt warmed and comforted.

—Ida Tyson Wagner



When everyone else on the Parish staff had been unable to help, it was Peggy Ruth who finally got Bill to open up. To her woman's sympathetic ear, little by little he told his troubles. Because she realized Bill liked children, Peggy Ruth invited him to take part in the Parish's first Hallowe'en party. As a horde of neighborhood kids swarmed over the tiny storefront church, laughing, shouting, ducking for apples, Bill, dressed in a union suit and a long white sheet, rose up through the trap door from the basement with a ghostly "Who-o-o-o!" The kids loved it. And Bill, flapping his sheeted arms as he pretended to chase the youngsters, laughed for the first time in months.

Later, Peggy Ruth persuaded Bill's wife to join the Parish's cooperative nursery. Taking her turn once a week at helping care for her own youngsters as well as those of other harassed mothers, she had other mornings free. And, as she relaxed a little, the tension eased at home.

One day Bill confided to "Miss Peggy" that he'd like to come to church. "But the kids had to eat," he said, "and I pawned all my clothes but these old overalls. I couldn't go this way."

Miss Peggy had an answer for him in one of the Parish's unique institutions. The staff had decided early that if the people wouldn't come to church, the church would go out to them. Adapting the ancient Christian tradition of the "love feast," they organized apartment house groups that would meet with the minister in one member's flat for a light meal, prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, which were then related to some immediate person or community problem.

At the first love feast Bill attended, he sat quietly till the group sang "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." He joined in, softly at first, then with a full voice. "Those are good words," he said when it was over.

Bill came to other meetings, but no one changes overnight. Often enough he stayed away, drinking in one of his moods of anger and despair. But when his wife fell sick that winter and neighbors came to visit and to help with the house and the children, Bill was impressed. When she was well again, they both joined in helping others who were ill.

In spring, when Bill was out of a job, he found a defense against corroding idleness in helping his neighbors build the block playground. Then one of the group found him a job in her factory. This time he kept the job.

When summer came, Bill and his wife joined the church, and both began to attend regularly. Bill, as a special job, volunteered to keep the church cleaned and swept. Like the others who join this church, he and his family took a solemn pledge to become active members of some other organization striving for the good of East Harlem.

Bill has become one of the most active workers on the East Harlem District Health Council. This summer, if Bill wasn't home, it wasn't because he was drinking; he was out getting tenement neighbors to sign petitions to the building inspectors to force landlords to make long overdue repairs.

Bill, who once felt alone in a hostile world, has found a sense of belonging and a new dignity in acting with his neighbors for a better as well as a more Christian life.

And the staff who work with Bill and his neighbors have found, as Har- graves wrote in a recent report:

"As we dig into some of the immediate problems of human need, better housing, better health, a little more fun for the youngsters and a little more hope for their parents, we break through into ever deeper problems. It is then that the message of the Gospel has its real relevance, then that it must speak to these men and women who, like the rest of us, have been alienated from God and are full of antagonism toward their fellow men." THE END

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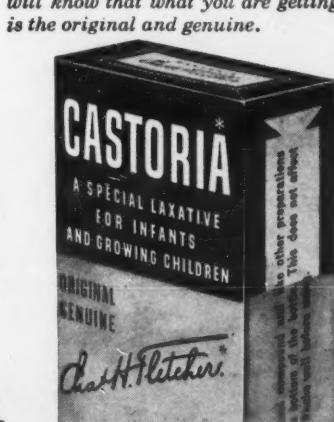
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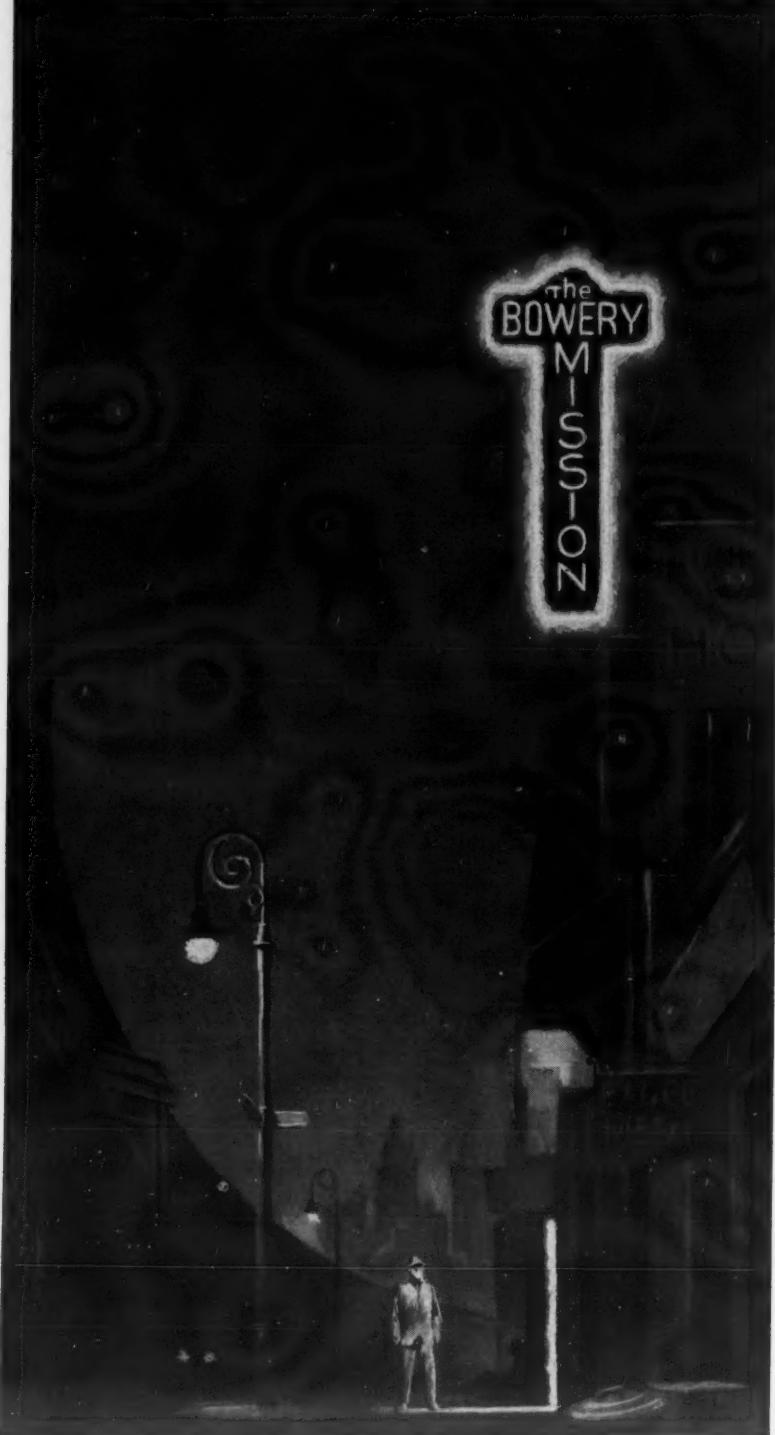
# CASTORIA



# LIGHTHOUSE ON SKID ROW

By THORP McCLUSKY

ILLUSTRATOR: K. RILEY



JACK BUCHANAN was drunk-sodden, weak, shaking, sick drunk. He had been drunk almost constantly for months. Before that he had been drinking more and more heavily ever since he'd come out of the Army; somehow, there hadn't been much meaning or purpose in life since *The Big Show*. And now, for weeks, he had been on the Bowery.

He staggered down Skid Row, vaguely thinking it over, wondering how he had got there, incredulous still. A man shot from the open doorway of a barroom a few paces ahead, reeled across the sidewalk and plunged face downward into the gutter. Standing in the doorway, the beefy bouncer dusted off his hands scornfully, turned and went inside.

Jack Buchanan looked at the prostrate drunk. "There, but for the grace of God . . ." he mumbled.

An elevated train roared past overhead, shaking the blowsy street, jangling his shattered nerves. He heard himself screaming at the departing train, and he couldn't believe his ears. *Wait a minute*, he thought, suddenly terrified. *Here, grace of God or not, am I. Think that over, Jack Buchanan.* Suddenly he was laughing wildly. *Me, with decent upbringing, a college education, a nice wife and kids—on Skid Row! There's a cosmic laugh for you!*

He knew he had to get off the Bowery or end up in the morgue. But how? He couldn't think clearly; maybe a drink would help. He staggered down the street, searching.

Funny, but he was almost like two different men, rolled into one. One part of him thought only of getting a drink and blessed oblivion; the other was pitilessly observant and self-critical. Like figures in a tableau, he saw the dead-drunks lying motionless, scores of them, in the hallways, on the sidewalks, in the gutters.

Abruptly he increased his pace. Up ahead, four or five stewbums were

clustered in a tight circle; maybe they had a bottle. But then he slowed again, disappointed. They had only a half-filled sack of empty wine bottles—"dead soldiers" they were collecting to sell for half a cent apiece to get money to buy another jug.

He reeled along, looking at the ironically pretentious names on the cheap men's hotels and out-and-out flophouses.

*Skid Row, Street of Forgotten Men, The Bowery, he was thinking crazily. And here am I, Jack Buchanan.... If Mary hadn't left me, I might have straightened out. Or would I? I guess she took all any woman could stand, and more. She stood it for a year, at that. But when I lost my job and wrecked the car and finally sold the vacuum cleaner to buy booze.... What a fool I was! I'd do anything in the world to get her back. He began to cry, great tears of self-pity rolling down his grimy cheeks.*

A man came along who looked as though he might have a little change to spare. Jack lurched toward him. "Mister," he whined, can you spare a . . . ?" The man brushed past as though Jack didn't exist.

In the middle of the next block, forty or fifty men were congregated on the sidewalk, and Jack picked up speed again, then slowed as he realized they weren't in front of a gin-mill. They were waiting in front of the neat, red-and-white-brick building at 227 Bowery—and Jack knew instantly what they were waiting for. He squinted at the cross-shaped sign hanging above their heads. THE BOWERY MISSION, the sign said.

*Chiselers! Pretending to be "saved" to get a free meal! His lip curled scornfully. He approached the group of men and said loudly, "Chiselers!" An old man on the edge of the group said mildly, "Didn't I see you tryin' to panhandle from a guy up the street just a minute ago?"*

Jack frowned. *That's right, I was. Three months ago I would rather have died than panhandle.*

"Get me straight, Bub," the old man said quietly. "A lot of these guys ain't chiseling; they're on the up-and-up. They need help, and this place gives it to them—with no strings attached."

Jack stood there irresolutely.

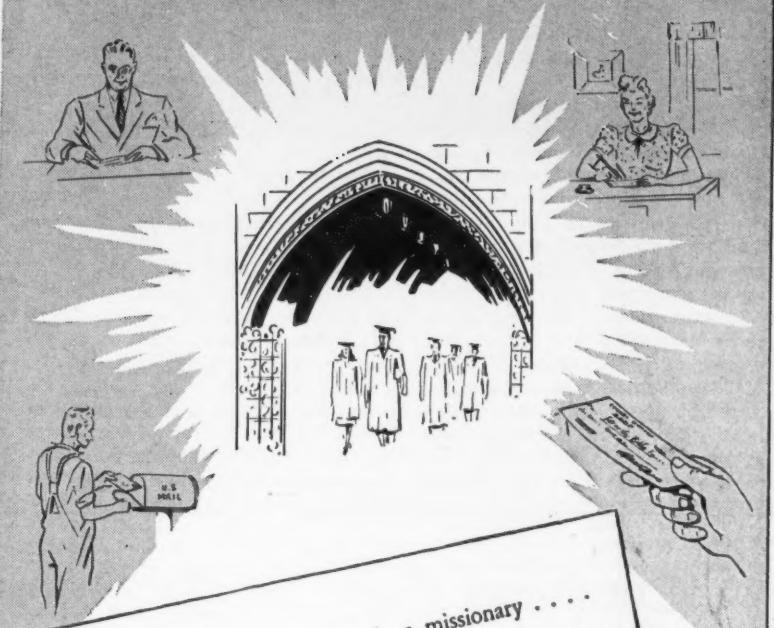
The old man was looking at him as though he could read his mind. "You need a place to stay and something to eat and get straightened out," he said firmly. "Why not come inside with me?"

Jack looked uncertain. "Service?" he asked, finally.

The old man nodded. "That's right," he said, answering the question squarely. "Won't hurt you, and might do you good." (Continued next page)

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The men were filing through the open, oaken doors with the small-paned, leaded windows. The old man waited, and after a moment's hesitation Jack said "Why not?" and went along with him.

*Why, it's like my old church back home when I was a boy, so peaceful.* The high-vaulted ceiling, the two rows of age-mellowed pews separated by the single aisle, the hand-painted quotations from the Scriptures on the walls, the simple pulpit, the stately pipe-organ—all these things rolled back the fog of years and drink and reminded Jack of better days. The Bowery might be a million miles away, instead of just outside the open doors.

He watched the modest little chapel fill with men—more than 250 down-and-outers like himself. A man sat down at the organ console and started playing—sturdy old hymns that carried Jack back again. The old man nudged him. "Fellow playing the organ's an ex-drunk," he whispered. "They got some real reformed characters around here." The marching rhythms permeated the place; the men seemed to straighten in their seats. The old man said, nodding toward the platform, "That fortyish guy with the nice grin is an ex-gambler. Cops were after him at one time on thirty-one counts. He's the pastor

here. His name is George Bolton."

"From gambler to parson," Jack commented. "Quite a change."

The old man nodded. "Big, muscular guy next to Bolton used to be one of the old Hell's Kitchen gang. Only one left out of eleven—the rest were all shot, stabbed, buried in wet concrete—you know. Name's Tom Roland; he's the business manager here. They got a lot of reformed soaks on the staff. Ray Allen, he runs the employment agency. Charlie Mansur, he keeps the card files. Frankie Quinn, he tells you where you'll flop for the night. Frankie Hart, he's night watchman. Even the cook, Andy Cousins. Andy used to be a chef on the Cunard Line till booze got him. Now he's straightened out."

**J**ACK looked at the men on the platform with growing respect. *They're real men, at heart. They've been through the mill. If religion straightened them out, it must have been the real thing. We'll see.*

George Bolton stepped up beside the pulpit and started to speak. There was nothing mealy-mouthed about the way he welcomed the men; but he wasn't tough either, just natural. He called for a hymn, and the organ let loose. The first verse only a few of the men in the congregation were singing, but by the third quite a few

more had loosened up and it sounded pretty good. There was a warm feeling up and down Jack's spine and he began to enjoy it.

The second hymn happened to be *The Old-Time Religion*, and along about the second verse Jack could feel it getting to him, wanting to burst out. He wet his lips and came in defiantly on the third verse. As the hymn ended, he felt better than he'd felt in years.

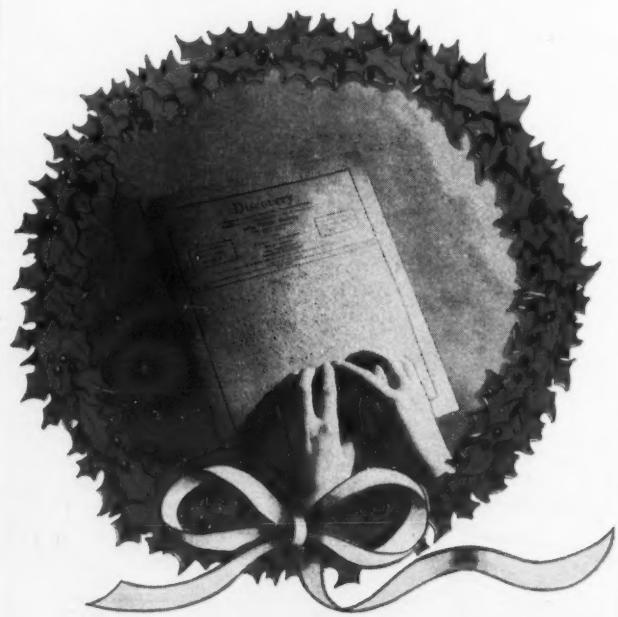
Then George Bolton introduced a fellow from up in Connecticut some place, a drunk turned to Christ, Bolton said. This fellow put his hands on the big Bible and looked the congregation square in the eye and said, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Boys, that's my text."

And for fifteen minutes this fellow talked, straight from the shoulder, no notes or anything, and Jack had never heard anything like it. The gist of it was that, no matter how low a man's sunk, how worthless he's become in his own mind, God is still waiting to help.

Jack's brain was whirling as George Bolton, after the Connecticut man had finished, said simply, "You've tried the rest; why not try the best?"

Five men went down to the altar, and Jack wanted to be the sixth; it was a terrible, hungering urge. Yet he

## Christmas Gifts for Fingertips That See



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"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—ye have done it unto me."

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fought it down. *It's pride, you fool, that holds you back.* But still he didn't go. And then the service was over, and Jack and the other men were filing out and down a flight of stairs.

In a long, bright-lit cafeteria, immaculate with fresh paint and just-scrubbed floors, they filed rapidly past gleaming kettles and steaming urns. Jack and the old man took their bowls of thick, vegetable-beef soup, mugs of hot coffee, bread and pudding to the long counter that ran down the middle of the room. The throng of men ate standing up, elbow to elbow.

A clean-shaven, middle-aged man moved spryly along the lines. He touched Jack's shoulder. "Stay here after you've eaten," he said.

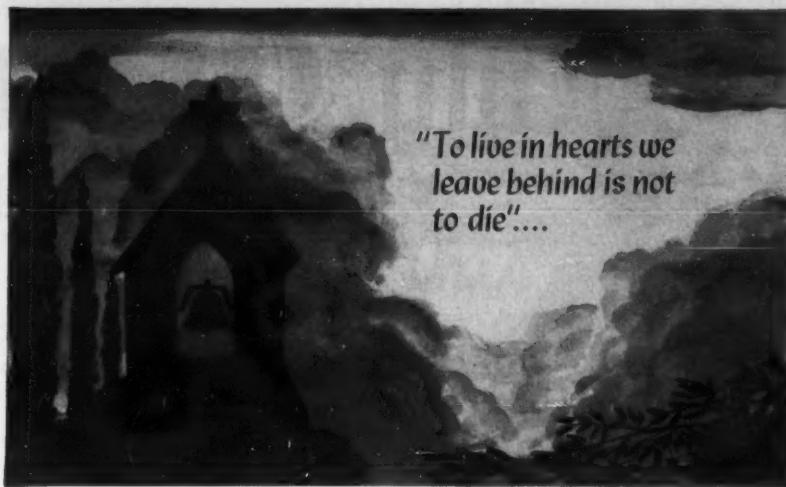
"What does he mean by that?" Jack asked the old man. "You're filthy," the old man said bluntly. "You gotta sleep in the basement tonight. Tomorrow morning they'll delouse you."

Jack flushed brick-red. *So I'm so foul everybody can see it! I can't even sleep in a Mission bed until I'm fumigated!* Then the men who had passed the cleanliness inspection were going out; the old man was among them. About forty derelicts remained behind. The spry man led them into a long room, took down their names, gave each man a ticket entitling him to a night's lodging. "Watch your valuables, boys," he said. There was a surge of sardonic, bitter laughter. *What valuables?*

All around, the drink-sick, exhausted men were stretching out on their cots. Jack, too, lay down. The next thing he knew, it was daylight.

The hangover hit him then, hard. He was shaking like a leaf as he filed into the kitchen with the others for cereal, doughnuts and coffee. Then they were led up three flights of stairs to a big shower room. "There's razors and blades and soap and towels," a man said. "You fellows can get cleaned up while we put your clothes through the dynamiter." Jack looked at him curiously, and the man nodded toward a huge steel door. "Two hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit, for fifteen minutes. That does the trick."

The shower room clouded with steam as the men bathed and shaved. Dressed again, they began to file into a large office fronting on the street. Tom Roland, the ex-Hell's Kitchen hoodlum, asked Jack a few questions like "What's your name? What kind of work do you do?" and put the answers down on a card. "You look pretty shaky to me," he said, after a moment. "You'd better stay quiet today, get straightened out, and tomorrow I'll send you out on a job. Here's a card, good for a week's lodging upstairs. You need some better clothes, too." *(Continued on page 82)*



## Abiding Memorials

Forward-looking leaders of the Christian Church have long felt the need of a practical, sensible method of memorial expression that would be suitable for any church, large or small. The desire to perpetuate the life and memory of a loved one is instinctive in the human heart, and the best channel for this kind of expression is the Christian Church.

For too long a time the accepted method of expressing sympathy was in the sending of floral pieces. Undoubtedly these expressions are deeply appreciated by members of the bereaved families, but within a few hours the flowers are faded and gone. Many millions of dollars are spent annually for these short-lived floral tributes. *How much more meaningful and beautiful the expression of sympathy would be if it were shown in the form of a memorial that would abide and serve through the church of the departed loved one!*

In the Abiding Memorials Plan these same dollars are used to provide tangible, lasting memorials to preserve the names and memories of the departed. The nature of the memorials depends upon the needs of the individual churches—they might be in the form of material improvements in the church or church grounds, or in memorial contributions to deserving health or social welfare causes. The important thing is that a tremendous amount of money that would be ordinarily wasted is used to expand the spiritual and material resources of your church and community!

The Abiding Memorials Plan is a Christian-like method of memorialization satisfying to the bereaved family and to friends of the departed. It is an important step toward restoring good taste and dignity to funerals which are becoming increasingly bizarre and wasteful. It ties a closer bond between the church and the community and will result in a new appreciation of the ministry of the Christian Church.

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# Daily Meditations



## by Walter L. Moore

### Thursday, December 1

READ LUKE 6:38

*God keep me always loving and believing as I grow old.*

—ANON.

A WRITER in *Better Homes and Gardens* observes that as a rule the trees that are most generous with their sweetness in the spring, such as the sugar maple, are the most beautiful in the autumn. So Jesus teaches that the lives that are most generous in blessing others become most beautiful and happy.

*We thank Thee, bountiful Father, for the generous people whose examples teach us and whose kindness blesses us. Teach us how to share their lovely spirit. Amen.*

### Friday, December 2

READ PROVERBS 11:24

*Cleon has a dozen fortunes, not a penny I; yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.*

—CHARLES MACKAY

THE WISE MAN of the Book of Proverbs cannot be accused of bias against thrift, but he warns: "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." The miser may not be a good businessman after all. In Union City, New Jersey, a man died in a \$1.70 a night hotel room in which were found keys to safe-deposit boxes containing \$475,000 in cash and securities. The cause of his death was malnutrition. Likewise many people starve their souls while the riches of God's grace are at their disposal.

*O Thou Owner of all wealth, who giveth to all liberally, teach us to control wisely that which Thou hast committed to us, and not to be controlled by it. Amen.*

### Saturday, December 3

READ GALATIANS 6:7

*And in the field of destiny, we reap as we have sown.*

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

RECENTLY I VISITED a plant where various kinds of seed are prepared for sale to farmers. I was

impressed with the many careful processes through which the tiny seed are carried to be sure that they are unmixed with other kinds of seed, unpolluted by diseases, and uninfested with pests. "Why," I asked, "so much trouble for a tiny seed?" The foreman explained. "A whole year of work is at stake in the seed a farmer plants. No matter how hard he works, if he plants poor seed, he'll make a poor crop." So in life's harvest Paul warns us: "Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

*Make us wise, O God, in the seed that we daily plant, and quietly content to leave the fruition to Thee. Amen.*

### Sunday, December 4

READ MATTHEW 7:24

*To share the cross, to sacrifice—these are the things God meant.*

—JANE MCKAY LANNING

ON HEARING a gospel sermon we usually approve and agree with what the preacher says. We may compliment him on a well prepared and helpful discourse, and so feel that our duty is done. Anxious that His hearers not let themselves off so easily, Jesus concluded His Sermon on the Mount with: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock." Bishop Massillon, the great French preacher, used to say, "I do not want people to leave my church saying, 'What a wonderful sermon—what a wonderful preacher.' I want them to go out saying, 'I will do something.' "

*Grant, Lord, that the sermon we hear today may move us not only to feel deeply, but to act nobly, for Jesus' sake. Amen.*

### Monday, December 5

READ JOHN 1:46

*'Tis the human touch in this world that counts, the touch of your hand and mine.*

—SPENCER MICHAEL FREE

A WHITE MAN said, "All Negroes look alike to me." On another occasion one asked, "Don't you think all Chi-

nese look alike?" The first confessed that he had no Negro friends, and the other that he knew no Chinese people. A well dressed man walked down the street, and noticed only a group of laborers. A hod carrier saw only a car full of young society folk passing. How hard it is for us to see individual human beings across racial, national, and economic lines! Will Rogers said, "I never met a man I didn't like." Perhaps the reason we don't like each other is that we have never really met.

*O God, help us to break down the barriers that separate Thy children, for Jesus sake. Amen.*

### Tuesday, December 6

READ GENESIS 4:9

CAIN SHRUGGED away responsibility: "Am I my brother's keeper?" But Jesus took all their stripes on Himself. The difference was love. A liquor dealer has often spoken scornfully of the weakness of the victims of his wares, and disclaims all responsibility. His son, a high-school student, was pleasure driving and drinking some liquor that his father had sold. There was a collision, and the son was killed. Now the father is crushed by his grief, and unrelenting in blaming himself for his son's death. The difference is love.

*Teach us, Father, so to love our brothers that we shall not try to control their lives, but that we may feel love's concern for them. Amen.*

### Wednesday, December 7

READ I CORINTHIANS 12:22

*Nothing useless is or low; each thing in its place is best.*

—LONGFELLOW

IN THE PARABLE of the talents, Jesus told of a five-talent man, a two-talent man, and a one-talent man, but not of a no-talent man, because there is no such person. Everyone has some useful ability. Paul compared the church to a human body, in which every member is needed for a specific purpose, and all equally honorable as part of one body. In the church as in the community, the most insignificant

person should not feel himself unnecessary; the most prominent should not feel superior to others.

*Teach us, Lord, to see the importance of the service we can render, lest we be discouraged, and the greatness of that which others do, lest we become proud. Amen.*

**Thursday, December 8**

READ PSALMS 27:14

DR. REINHOLD NIEBUHR has written a prayer which so well expresses our constant need that it has been widely quoted: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; the courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference." A homespun philosopher has said, "There are two things about which we should never worry—the things we can't help and the things we can." The courage to tackle a situation that can be remedied and the patience to endure that which is beyond our control are but two expressions of the Christian spirit.

*O Thou Source of all wisdom and strength, teach us to meet life's duties and disciplines in the spirit of Jesus. Amen.*

**Friday, December 9**

READ JOHN 17:18

*The only way to multiply happiness is to divide it.*

—PAUL SCHERER

HAVING SPENT His years doing good, and on the eve of the sacrifice of His life for others, Jesus prayed that His disciples might have His joy fulfilled in themselves. Dr. Albert Schweitzer said to a group of students, "I don't know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: The only ones among you who will be really happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve." On his visit to America this year he said in answer to a question: "I have found a place of service; that is enough for anyone."

*Give us this day, good Father, a share of Thy joy in blessing Thy children, for Jesus' sake. Amen.*

**Saturday, December 10**

READ MATTHEW 5:11

IT IS AN ILLUSION to suppose that if we are good enough, everyone will love us. He who is Christlike enough to defend the defenseless, to oppose greed and injustice, will inevitably find himself unpopular at times. It is not hard to be a follower of Jesus when the way is smooth, but when testing times come, courage of the highest order is needed. The story is told of a visit which a chaplain made to Martin Niemoeller while he was held in a detention camp. "Why

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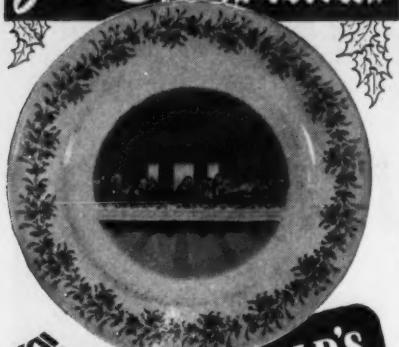
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are you here?" asked the chaplain. "Why are you not here?" retorted Niemoeller.

*Forgive us, Christ, if we have made following Thee an easy thing, when it ought to have been terribly hard. Save us from compromise at the expense of others or of right. Amen.*

#### Sunday, December 11

READ JOHN 20:21

MARCO POLO, returning from a tour of China, is said to have brought word that Kublai Khan had besought him to send back a hundred intelligent Christians who could explain their faith, defend it against all assaults, and live it before the Chinese in quiet, eloquent testimony. After a great deal of difficulty, two men were found who would go, but after proceeding part of the way, they became fearful and turned back. "Christianity," said a critic, "has been tried and found wanting." "No," sadly replied another, "it has been found difficult, and not tried."

*Forgive, O Lord, our shabby interpretation of Thy life, and lead us so to live that the world may see Thy likeness in us. Amen.*

#### Monday, December 12

READ ECCLESIASTES 12:1

*But the bird with the broken pinion never soars as high again.*

—HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

IN CHINA, it is said, doctors are hired to keep people well, rather than to cure them after they get sick. True or false, it sounds like a sensible plan. It is wise to safeguard one's health while he still has it. The church will do well to render a ministry of prevention, as well as redemption. Jesus was the friend of sinners and outcasts, but He was also ready with open arms to receive little children, and declared that His Kingdom would be built of such as they.

*Lord Jesus, increase our passion to reclaim the lost and our zeal to safeguard the young. Amen.*

#### Tuesday, December 13

READ HEBREWS 6:1

*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, as the swift seasons roll!*

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

PAUL TOLD the Corinthian Christians that he could not write to them as grown people, but as the spiritual infants which their bickering, jealousies, and exaggerated emphasis on the personalities of leaders showed them to be. The author of Hebrews admonished his hearers to leave the elementary doctrine of Christ and go on to maturity. In his book, "Mature Mind," H. A. Overstreet says, "The most dangerous members of our society are those grown-ups whose powers of in-

fluence are adult, but whose motives and responses are infantile."

*Forgive us, Lord, for so long remaining babes in Christ. Help us to attain spiritual maturity. Amen.*

#### Wednesday, December 14

READ PROVERBS 22:6

ON A STROLL through a forest with a shiftless youth, a wise old man stopped and pointed to four plants. The first was a tiny sprout, the next a bit larger, the third a sturdy shrub, and the fourth a tree. The old man said, "Pull up the tiny plant," and the youth did it easily. The next took more effort, and the third required all his strength. But the tree defied all the youth's efforts. "Just so," said the wise old man, "with our habits. When full grown, they cannot be uprooted." A distinguished penologist has said, "The place to stop crime is not in the electric chair, but in the high chair."

*Our prayer today, good Father, is for all parents, teachers, and leaders of children, that they may mold beautifully the plastic clay entrusted to their hands. Amen.*

#### Thursday, December 15

READ LUKE 18:14

*I praise thee for the will to strive; I bless thy goad and discontent.*

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

TO JESUS the only hopeless cases were the people who were satisfied with themselves. A sinner standing afar off and begging abjectly for mercy was better off than the Pharisee conscious of no need. Penitent prostitutes and publicans would enter His kingdom ahead of self-righteous churchmen. The greatest life tragedy was not to fall, but to lie there. An old boatman was asked, "If a man fell into the waters here, would he drown?" He answered, "No; it's not falling into water that drowns a man; it's staying there."

*Save us, O Christ, from aims so low that we shall become satisfied with ourselves. Amen.*

#### Friday, December 16

READ PSALMS 18:29

*But bleak adversity and strife do most to keep man's will alive.*

—ANON.

THE LATIN POET, Horace, said that adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant. "Live undaunted," he counseled, "and oppose gallant breasts against the strokes of adversity." Some of the greatest men and women who have lived have overcome seemingly insuperable obstacles. Two of the greatest epic poets, Homer and Milton, were blind. Glenn Cunningham became

the world's greatest mile runner after burns had made it improbable that he would ever walk again. "By my God," wrote the psalmist, "have I leaped over a wall."

We thank Thee, kind Father, for the adversity that has developed our sinews. Amen.

#### Saturday, December 17

READ MATTHEW 16:24

*Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power.* —ALFRED TENNYSON

HORACE MANN said, "In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to principle." Eldon Roark has been quoted often as telling of the old Negro man saying of his "mistiss" who had brought him up, "She larned me sump'n a man oughta larn early in life—she larned me to don't." Jesus required that those who would follow Him must deny themselves. No one matures mentally, emotionally, or spiritually without learning to deny himself some things in order to procure a higher good.

*Give us wisdom and self-control, O God, to deny ourselves immediate pleasures in order to reach higher goals. Amen.*

#### Sunday, December 18

READ JAMES 2:20

*The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.*

—JOHN LOCKE

A LITTLE GIRL, after her first visit to Sunday school, was asked by a neighbor what she had learned. She made no answer. But a week later she sought out the neighbor to tell her she had learned that when playing with other children you share your toys, if you want to have friends you must be kind, and that she had learned to pray. Asked why she had not answered the question at first, she replied, "I hadn't learned to do 'em yet."

We thank Thee, God of all truth, for the sure knowledge that comes from experience. Help us to learn the technique of Christian living. Amen.

#### Monday, December 19

READ II SAMUEL 12:23

A MOTHER who recently lost a lovely baby daughter writes, "It hurts almost unbearably, but nobody can ever take from us those two years she was with us. If sorrow is a part of keeping those precious memories, I don't want ever to lose my sorrow." She is not clinging morbidly to her grief, but simply feels that her life has been enriched. Few of us would be willing to surrender our sorrows with all that is related to them.

O Thou Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, teach us to have

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\$46,000,000 should be added to this amount, states the Judge, to cover unreported costs to the home of resulting absenteeism, highway and industrial accidents, and other losses due to inebriety, making a grand total of \$107,474,953, which he still thinks an underestimate. Massachusetts is the only state thus far to make such a survey. Like studies in other states doubtless would reveal similar results.

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fellowship with Thee in our sufferings, and to know Thy tender nearness.

#### Tuesday, December 20

READ PSALMS 37:5

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod, behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God.

—SIDNEY LANIER

JOHN MARVIN RAST tells in his syndicated column that Horace Bushnell awoke one morning with a consciousness of spiritual power such as he had never known. His wife, noticing the change, asked him what had happened. "The Gospel!" he answered. Later he explained, "It is not committing of one's thought in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being, there to be rested, kept, guided, molded, governed and possessed forever." Augustine said that we are made for God, and our souls are restless until they rest in Him.

Gladly and freely we surrender ourselves here and now, for all eternity, unto Thee, our Lord and Saviour.

#### Wednesday, December 21

READ I TIMOTHY 6:12

In all our toiling and in all our pain—this rhythmic pulsing of immortal life.

—PERCY CLOUGH AINSWORTH

ETERNAL LIFE which Jesus promised is available to us now. Paul admonished young Timothy that he should "lay hold on eternal life." He was already a Christian and a minister, but he was to bring into his experience that which was potentially his. Eternal life is limitless. There is no limit to the time a Christian will live, but there is also no limit to the joys he may experience, the influence for good he may wield, the resources at his command, or the closeness of his fellowship with Christ.

All the doors of our hearts we would open to Thee, O God, that Thou mayest fill us with Thy life.

#### Thursday, December 22

I TIMOTHY 4:12

The Gospel of a life like hers is more than books or scrolls.

—WHITTIER

AN OLD MAN whose life has not been consistent with his Christian profession complained to his pastor, "I can't understand why my boys live like they do. I've told them every day of their lives that those things don't pay. I'm too old to change much, but I've tried to teach my boys right." An old Chinese proverb says, "Not the cry but the flight of the wild duck, leads the flock to fly and follow." In order that his ministry might be effective, Paul advised young Timothy: "Be thou an example of the believers."

We thank Thee, Lord, for those whose lips have taught us truth, but most of all for those whose steps have led us aright. Amen.

#### Friday, December 23

READ PROVERBS 24:3

A house is built of logs and stone, of tiles and posts and piers; a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand years.

—VICTOR HUGO

BRUCE BARTON has said that many a man who pays rent all his life owns his own home, and that many a family that has saved up money for a home finds itself with nothing but a house. Edgar A. Guest wrote: "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home." Someone observed that rather, "It takes a heap o' lovin' in a house to make it home." It is love that makes a home. Where love rules in a house it is a fine home, however modest the building.

Grateful for the joys of home, Father, we pray that the spirit of love and brotherhood may spread to all mankind. Amen.

#### Saturday, December 24

READ LUKE 1:28

We thank Thee for the ties that bind the mother to the child she bears.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WOMANHOOD was never so honored at any other time as in the birth of our Lord. A tender and holy light seems to linger around the virgin mother throughout both of the gospel stories of the event. The kindness and consideration of Jesus for women, even fallen women, was in marked contrast with the customs of His day. A Hindu woman said to a missionary: "Surely your Bible was written by a woman." "Why?" he asked. "Because it says so many kind things for women. Our pundits never refer to us but in reproach."

We rejoice, dear Son of Mary, in what Thou hast done for womanhood and in what godly womanhood has done for Thee. Amen.

#### Sunday, December 25

READ ISAIAH 9:6

They were all looking for a king to slay their foes and lift them high. Thou came, a little baby thing that made a woman cry.

—GEORGE MACDONALD

IN THE YEAR 1809 Napoleon's Austrian war seemed to hold the clue to the destiny of Europe and the world. But in the cradles of the world the future was being made. In that one year William Gladstone was born at Liverpool, Alfred Tennyson at Somersby Rectory, Oliver Wendell Holmes in Massachusetts, Charles Darwin at Shrewsbury, Abraham Lincoln in Kentucky, Felix Mendelssohn at Ham-

burg, Samuel Morley at Homerton, Edward Fitzgerald in Woodbridge, and Frances Campbell in London. So also long before, while the world watched its Herods and Caesars, God and all the future were cradled in a manger at Bethlehem.

*O Thou who didst come into the world as a baby, we thank Thee for Thy marvelous plan for the renewal of the life of the world. Let Thy benediction be upon all the babies, and upon those whose arms cradle them. Amen.*

**Monday, December 26**

READ DEUTERONOMY 1:38

MOSES WAS TOLD to encourage Joshua, an admonition we frequently need. John T. Faris tells of a noted editor who noticed a very fine achievement of a friend, and planned to write him a note of congratulation. After a day or two he said to himself, "He will get hundreds of notes about it. So I shall not bother him with mine." Later he met the friend and told him why he had failed to send his letter of commendation. "How many do you think I received?" asked the friend. The editor guessed many scores. But the real answer was, "Not one!"

*For all who have encouraged us along life's way we are grateful, Lord. Forgive us for neglecting to encourage others. Amen.*

**Tuesday, December 27**

READ MATTHEW 6:15

*I shall never permit myself to stoop so low as to hate any man.*

—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK says, "Hating people is like burning down your house to get rid of a rat." Harboring ill will occasionally results in some harm to the person against whom it is held, but it always causes great damage to the one who holds it. It destroys happiness, injures the personality, and blights the religious life. Jesus said, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Guatama, the founder of Buddhism, said that it is an eternal rule that hatred does not cease by hatred, but only by love.

*Our prayer today, Father of us all, is that men and nations may learn the folly of hatred and the power of love. Amen.*

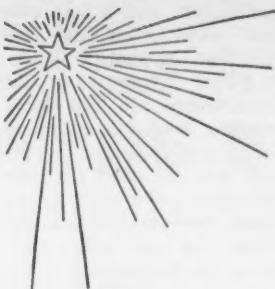
**Wednesday, December 28**

READ MATTHEW 5:18

"Two things," said Kant, "fill me with breathless awe: the starry heaven and the moral law!"

—EDWIN MARKHAM

KIPLING WROTE, "Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst, where there ain't no



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Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst." Most of us have felt at some time that we should like to escape from moral restraints, but the Ten Commandments are not local laws. A minister walking across a prison yard passed a convict breaking up stones, and remarked that the prisoner still had a lot of work to do. "Yes," agreed the convict. "These stones are like the Ten Commandments: you can go on breaking them, but you can never get rid of them."

*Forever, O Lord, Thy word is set  
tled in heaven. Incline our hearts to  
perform Thy statutes always, even  
unto the end. Amen.*

### Thursday, December 29

READ JAMES 1:23, 24

*And help us this and every day, to live  
more nearly as we pray.*

—JOHN KEBLE

DR. J. H. JOWETT told of seeing sandwichmen walking through the streets of London, looking thoroughly pinched and starved and wretched, while their boards carried advertisements of "The best dinner in London!" Famished wretches were advertising sumptuous dinners. One sometimes fears that many Christians are like that. We proclaim a gospel of peace, joy, forgiveness, love, hope and strength, but we seem not to have claimed this fullness for our own.

*Spirit of God, we who have offered  
Thy gifts to others yield ourselves to  
Thee now that we may be filled with  
Thy fruits. Amen.*

### Friday, December 30

READ MATTHEW 13:52

*Be not the first by whom the new are*

### SHE TALKS WITH GOD

(Continued from page 7)

I knew what I wanted to say, but I didn't. I wanted to ask her to tell the story for devotions, but she's a humble soul, this timid little woman. She would think it was talking about herself.

"It's a beautiful story," I said, "and I'm so glad you told me. But I've got to be going now. I'll stop by for you on Thursday; and thank you again for taking devotions."

I tried to talk to God as I walked home. I raised my eyes to the star-lit heavens, but then I remembered Miss Giffen, and I looked down at my own feet that have stumbled so often along His way.

"That's what we all need, isn't it?" I asked. "To know You so well we can talk to You about something as commonplace as buying a pair of shoes."

tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

—ALEXANDER POPE

SIMON PETER, when commanded by the Lord in a dream to kill and eat the creatures, answered: "Not so, Lord; for I never have." Established custom was not to be changed. On the other hand the Athenians spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing. Only the novel was interesting. Jesus said that His followers would treasure both the old and the new. Old knowledge and new discoveries may be equally valid.

*Make us wise, O God, to value the  
heritage of the past and to welcome  
new light on eternal truth. Amen.*

### Saturday, December 31

READ I KINGS 20:40

*Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—  
I answer not, and I return no more.*

—JOHN JAMES INGALLS

AN ARTIST was out one day with his pupils, sketching. One young man was engaged in sketching a landscape bathed in the soft light of the setting sun. In the foreground was a large barn. The teacher watched the young man quietly for a while, and then said to him: "If you spend so much time in painting the shingles on that barn, you will not have time to paint the sunset. You will have to choose between the two." Frequently we have discovered that a sunset has faded while we painted shingles. Busy here and there, we have let glorious opportunities escape us.

*We do not ask, Father, to be able  
to recover our lost opportunities, but  
we seek Thy help that we may  
choose wisely that at which we will  
spend our time in the year ahead.*

The story might have ended there, but it didn't. When I got home I told my husband, and the next evening as I was in the kitchen preparing dinner, he came out and said: "I just happened to be passing the store today where Miss Giffen bought her shoes, so I stopped in. I hunted up the manager and said, 'I have a story to tell you.' As I went on, he began to nod his head and smile.

"I know exactly the clerk you mean," he said. "People are always coming in to tell me about the same sort of thing you have been telling me. He is really remarkable in his ability to understand people. I often wonder how he can do it so well all of the time."

I turned to my husband. "Are you thinking the same thing I am?" I asked.

"Yes, I believe I am," he replied quietly. "I guess we both know that the young clerk talks to God too!"



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CROCKER CAKE MIXES, KIX, CHEERIOS, BETTY CROCKER CEREAL TRAY, GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" ENRICHED FLOUR, SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR, BISQUICK, BETTY CROCKER SOUPS, PYEQUICK, CRUSTQUICK, WHEATIES. Higher value coupons come in larger sacks of Gold Medal Flour (see below). Start saving silverware coupons now.

10 lb. sack, 2 coupon value • 25 lb. sack, 10 coupon value • 50 lb. sack, 20 coupon value • 100 lb. sack, 40 coupon value

See page 55  
for details of  
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Spicy Rich  
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For Yellow, White  
or Spice Cake



## The Season for Greens Sales

**T**HIS is the season for greens sales. City churches rarely undertake such activities, but in small communities it is a favorite and profitable venture for churchwomen.

Maybe you city-dwellers are missing a good thing. Why not consider this as a possibility for raising funds at Christmastime? You could secure the use of an empty store, free or with slight charge, and hold your sale in the business section. Perhaps some member of your church knows where he can buy greens wholesale. Buy the raw materials, and transform them into artistic arrangements—wreaths, swags, and centerpieces. In the city you can command higher prices to make up for having to buy your greens.

Up in Woodbury, Conn., about this time of year the ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal Church may be seen, pruning shears and baskets in hand, roaming the nearby woods for materials for their sale. Every kind of wild growth gives them inspiration for artistic arrangements. Branches of spruce and pine, fir and balsam; bay-

berry; pine cones of every size and shape; acorns; bright berries of bittersweet; sumac and barberry; empty seed-pods of milkweed or eucalyptus; trillium plants, little mosses in all their minute varieties; small things growing green at this late season of the year; even pebbles and stones, and odd shaped branches—all find their way into the collection. For nature lovers—and who isn't?—these sales offer a worthy justification for that excursion you wanted to take into the winter woods, but couldn't spare time for.

The Woodbury ladies plan their greens sale a week or two before Christmas, and, of course, they hold it on a Saturday in their churchyard in the village, where there is good

*Woman's Place*  
IN THE CHURCH  
EDITED BY Jane Kirk

traffic. Booths are set up, and wares displayed enticingly. In the kitchen of the parish house coffee is kept steaming so that workers may take turns going in for warmth and relaxation.

Two or three days before the sale, the materials having been garnered and stored in unheated garages or barns, there will be a party to tie the greens. The ladies all meet at the home of one who has space for them to spread out their work on long tables. Here to the tune of pleasant chatter, they cut and twist and bind, creating unusual and lovely decorations for Christmas doorways, windows and festive tables. Many are members of garden clubs, and have studied the technique of floral arrangement.

To make the occasion socially interesting the hostess may serve coffee and simple refreshments. Crullers, Danish pastry, coffee *kuchen*, or cinnamon toast taste good at such a time, and may be enjoyed while the work continues.

If some of the members feel they are all thumbs when it comes to floral pieces, an assembly-line arrangement may be worked out, so that they can make simple preparations for the other workers. A few may prefer to work entirely alone and turn out their own creations from beginning to end. For tools you will need clippers of various sizes, heavy pruning shears, stout twine—preferably green—picture wire, gilt and silver radiator paints, brushes, wide ribbons—silver, gold, red and green—bells of all sizes, and red, white and green tapers. Corsage pins are handy for sticking cones and other decorations in among the greens. Or you may fasten your cones to bobby pins or large toothpicks with milk-bottle wire. (This is good work for the "all-thumbs" department.)

Moss gardens are an interesting best-seller at the Woodbury church. They are such quaint, old-fashioned decorations. Many people buy them as a remembrance of times past. Others want them as a novelty which they have heard about. Everybody likes them because they last well through Christmas and after. Why not try them at your greens sale, if you haven't before?

As bases for the moss gardens collect small, shallow mint or marshmallow cans which can be painted, or pretty little pottery sauce dishes from the ten-cent store. A 10c dish, filled, will sell for 25c. In the bottom of the bowl place a good bed of pebbles, or broken pots and glass. Cover this with a mound of potting soil, and then press into it a teaspoon

of this moss and a teaspoon of that, till the whole dish is covered with a little patchwork of mossy growth. On your trip to the woods, these various little mosses may be found by brook sides and eroded areas, and can be dug up with knives and trowels. Before you start to work, separate your mosses according to colors and textures so that you can fill each bowl with an interesting variety. Mosses must be kept soaking wet at all times, and purchasers of the moss gardens must be cautioned to sprinkle them thoroughly every day.

Wire coat hangers bent into cir-

cular shape make an easy foundation for wreaths, the St. Paul's ladies think. Buyers like them, too, because they come provided with handy hooks for hanging up the wreaths. Any of your woodsy greens may be bound to this piece of wire, and among the greenery you may stick combinations of bright berries, natural or painted cones and seedpods, with a gay ribbon to set it off. Baskets, sprays and centerpieces, even fishbowls of bittersweet, are all part of the greens sale. Tall candles stuck into the simplest centerpiece give it color and sales appeal. Very good

(Continued on page 52)



## Savory Winter Suppers

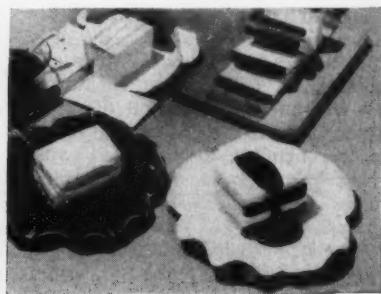
WHAT is better than hearty oyster stew on a sharp night in December? After carol singing in the early darkness there is a warm sense of fellowship in gathering in the church recreation rooms for a congenial supper of this steaming, savory soup with lots of crisp crackers and bowls of olives, celery and carrot sticks.

It makes a good supper for workers who have come to prepare Christmas decorations in the church and trim the tree. Sunday evening groups might serve it before their last meeting of the year as a special holiday supper. The ladies might even use this for one of their luncheon meetings. Some churches have oyster sup-

pers for the public along about this season. The famous Oyster Bar in New York does a steady business in this popular dish. Surely you will find a ready market for it in your community, too.

Good oyster stew is simple to prepare in large quantities when made according to the recipe given here. The oysters are cooked gently in butter to enhance their flavor goodness, the liquid then added, and the whole brought to just the right serving temperature.

At the Oyster Bar care is always taken to see that the liquid does not come to a boil after the oysters are added to the milk. This, they believe,



Best bet for that winter supper: oyster stew, and for dessert: ice-cream cake.

### Large Quantity Recipe File

#### OYSTER STEW FOR FIFTY

Oysters, drained	6 quarts	Bay leaf	8 leaves
Butter or other shortening	1 1/2 cups (3/4 lb.)	Salt	3 tablespoons
Evaporated milk	19 tall cans	Pepper	1 teaspoon
Water	1 gallon	Finely chopped parsley	1 cup

Clean oysters carefully for bits of shell. Cook in butter until edges curl. Scald the mixture of milk, water, bay leaf, salt and pepper. Add cooked oysters and parsley. Serve at once. Makes about 50 servings of one cup each.

Note: Oysters may be fresh, canned or frozen.

is a mistake which spoils many an oyster stew. An extra dab of butter melting in the center of the dish and a sprinkling of chopped parsley over the top gives it a festive touch.

Mixed fruits, raisins and nuts add an easy finishing touch. Or, for a richer dessert also quickly prepared, try the mouth-watering concoction illustrated. Cut brick vanilla ice cream and loaf cake into equal slices. Alternate a slice of cake and a slice of ice cream, two of each for every plate. Pour chocolate or butterscotch sauce over the top.



### PROJECTS THAT PAY

**N**IMBLE, artistic fingers are valuable at any time, but particularly at Christmas. So many charming accessories can be made by hand. Christmas tree ornaments, for instance. For a group project it might be fun to trim the church tree entirely with hand-made decorations this year. Or you could make the ornaments to sell or use at home.

Wishbones, pine cones, English walnuts, shells—anything your imagination suggests—dipped in gilt and given loops of bright ribbon, become glamorous tree trinkets. You might even attach a tinkly bell to each. Shell-lacked fruits will keep fresh for the length of the Christmas period, but cannot be used next year.

Colorful cutouts from old Christmas cards may be pasted in the center of tiny paper doilies. With bright ribbon bows for hanging them up, they will flutter prettily on the tree. Larger Christmas cards can be made into cornucopias to be filled with sweets. Cut paper into nine-inch squares (larger or smaller, if desired, but this is for average size). Fold one adjacent edge over the other, forming a point at the bottom, and fasten these two edges together with glue. Attach loop of cord to top point, for hanging.

Popcorn strings are an old favorite, and may be interspersed with cranberries or gumdrops. Use #50 cotton thread and a slender needle for this. Colored paper chains made of silver, gold, red, green, and blue shiny paper are sophisticated enough to go on the most modern of trees. Cut your paper about one-quarter inch wide by five or six inches long. Make your chains in solid colors or alternating, according to whim. Chains about two yards long will be most satisfactory. Longer ones break in handling.

Those who are handy with the jig-

saw might like to cut out and paint little figures. Draw around Christmas cookie cutters to outline your designs: the star, Santa Claus, bell, angel or Christmas tree. If you are not quite so ambitious, trace your designs on sheets of thin show-card board which you may buy in different colors at any artists' supply store at about 10c a sheet. Cut out the little figures and make a hole at the top of each with puncher or darning needle. Insert a tinsel cord in this, cut cord long enough to make a loop for hanging, and tie with a double knot. You may get different effects by pasting striped, dotted, or other patterned papers to the cardboard figures. Silver paper stars, for instance, would be attractive on the cardboard Christmas

trees. Brush your star cut-out with glue and sprinkle with Christmas snow.

A clever alternative to the usual Christmas stocking or candies is a Christmas mitten. Make outline by laying your hand on a piece of paper and drawing around it. Using this as your pattern, cut two double thicknesses of white crepe paper for each mitten and sew together with red embroidery floss in a buttonhole stitch. Cut little holly leaves and berries from red and green *passe-partout* binding and stick in a design on the back of the mittens. These also make gay tree ornaments.

For more ideas send to the National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, for the



Send TWENTY CENTS (in coin) for each pattern to: CHRISTIAN HERALD # 223, Pattern Dept., 243 W. 17th St., New York 11.

FIFTEEN CENTS more for the Needlework Catalog with a free printed pattern in the Catalog.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

following publications: "Christmas Novelties for Everyone," 10c; "Christmas Tree Ornaments from Egg Shells" (MB1133), 5c; "Trimming the Tree for Santa" (MB 1955), 5c.

For ideas on decorating for a Christmas party inspired by Christmas fairy tales and for ideas on attractive gift wrappings, check the coupon on page 53.

#### FOR CHRISTMAS TABLES



CLEVER fingers may fashion delightful novelties for Christmas tables, too. Try a Christmas tree salad. Place cone-shaped paper cups in water glasses for support and fill them with green gelatin to which you may add green seedless grapes or other fruits or vegetables. Or fill these cups with hot cranberry sauce. When cones have set, invert on a bed of lettuce, and make a festoon design on each with softened cream cheese forced through a cake decorator.

The little gumdrop place flavor illustrated and described below is so perfect in its miniature resemblance to a real Christmas tree that it causes excited comment wherever it appears. You might show samples of these at your fair and take orders for them to be delivered on a specific day.

Materials required are: green pointed gumdrops, miniature chocolate-covered caramels, toothpicks, colored sugar "sprinkles," silver sugar balls, powdered sugar and water frosting, silver paper stars, cards or tiny lace paper doilies.

Moisten gumdrops slightly and roll in colored sugar "sprinkles." Frost with icing in festoon design with fine pastry tube. Pierce gumdrop here and there with nut pick and push silver balls in place. Stick toothpick through the gumdrop and stand in the caramel. Paste two silver paper stars together to cover end of toothpick left sticking out of top of gumdrop. Wrap finished Christmas trees in waxed paper and keep in cool, dry place till ready to use. Then moisten caramel and stick trees to cards or tiny lace doilies on which names may be written.



#### FUND-RAISER OF THE MONTH

A n attractive gadget with general sales appeal either at bazaars or outside, makes earning funds easy. Here is a handy, smart-looking ketchup dispenser which keeps the ketchup bottle tidy. It has helped a number

(Continued on next page)

# NEW!

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It's the **NEW**  
**Chase & Sanborn**  
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**ALL THE FLAVOR YOUR CUP CAN HOLD!**

of church groups raise their quotas. Mrs. C. A. Tedrick of First Methodist Church, Denver, Colo., writes: "I have never sponsored a project that had the response the Pump-It has."

Small groups, such as Sunday-school classes, may buy in orders of as small as a dozen for \$6. A single item sells for \$1, enabling you to double your money. Larger groups, of course, will find it wiser to order several dozen at once. For more information write Pump-It, Inc., Box 123, Hollywood 28, Calif.

#### SEASON FOR GREENS SALES

(Continued from page 49)

sellers are miniature replicas of window wreaths, just the right size to encircle a candlestick.

Believe it or not, the Woodbury ladies arrange their centerpieces in loaves of bread or buns, preferably pumpernickel. Greens stuck into

bread absorb the bread's moisture. They sell well, because they keep so long. The ladies got this idea from the book, "Flower Arranging for the American Home," by Gladys Taber and Ruth Kistner, Macrae-Smith Company, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.75. Incidentally, this book includes many other good suggestions for Christmas.

A few dramatically unusual centerpieces or mantelpieces which can be priced higher because of the extra effort they involve are good to draw attention. A piece of smooth, bleached driftwood, silver birch—all sorts of interesting dried pieces of wood with or without bark—make excellent starting points for such decorations. One lady arranged a moss garden in a gnarled old apple limb with various mosses sticking out of the holes where the branches had been. One of the most fabulous arrangements I have ever seen was a

nobby old limb of an apricot tree set in a bowl of moss as though it were a tree growing. From its many off-shooting branches hung tiny sparkly imitation fruits from the ten-cent store. You might have a similar limb decorated as a sugar-plum tree with various sizes and colors of gum drops tied on with tiny ribbons.

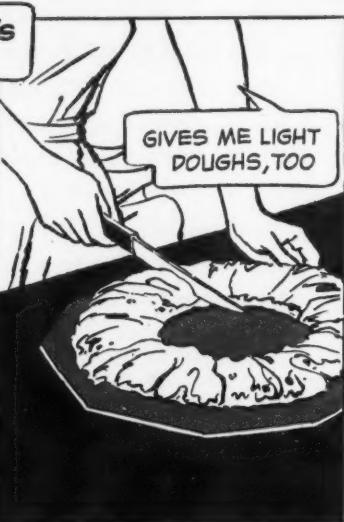
For more ideas write for the five-cent booklet, "Cutting Christmas Greens" (MB 1264) which tells about gathering greens and making wreaths. Available from National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

#### IDEAS FOR PARTY TIME

PARTY season is here, and with it the old question of how to decorate, what games to play, and how to make your affair interesting and unusual—an occasion to be remembered. Program chairmen, recreational lead-

# FOR WOMEN (WHO BAKE AT HOME) ONLY

## GLAD TIDINGS!



YES, IT'S ALL PURE YEAST—CONTAINS NO FILLER



LOOKIT—buy 3 packages at a time. Keep it handy on your pantry shelf . . . always ready to use. Needs no refrigeration positively!



**3 times as many women prefer FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST**

ers and young people's groups will be interested in a new book, attractively illustrated, "Parties with Purpose," which includes ideas for group parties, and decorations for halls and rooms. There are also unusual ways to earn money by entertaining, which will make finance chairmen prick up their ears. How to celebrate anniversary events and birthday parties, novel ideas for each month of the year will help in your plans for women's group luncheons and other functions on your calendar. You may secure this book by sending 25c to Dennison, Dept. B., 300 Howard St., Framingham, Mass.

THE problem of how to keep children amused at parties is solved in a book, "A Treasury of Parties for Little Children Age 3 to 7," by Judith and Caroline Horowitz, \$1.50, Hart Publishing Co., 101 W. 55th St., New York 19. Each chapter describes and illustrates a complete party, from the invitation, through menu, games, decorations, favors, place cards and party schedule. Parties include toy pet, Mother Goose, birthday, princess, Christmas and circus parties.

For boys and girls from one to fourteen there is "The Keene Party Book" by Frances W. Keene, \$2.50, The Seahorse Press, Pelham, N. Y., and Farrar, Straus & Co., 53 E. 35th St., New York 16. At least one party for each month of the year is described and illustrated. Pirate, Indian, daisy and merry-go-round parties look interesting. There is a "jiffy" party for mothers pressed for time.

#### PLEASE WRITE . . . .

I want to do a feature for you on planning your women's group programs. Won't you write and tell me what type of programs you would like ideas for? If you've had some interesting programs yourselves, I'd enjoy hearing about them, too.

And if you would like more recipes from church cook books, please let me know.

—JANE KIRK

Woman's Place Dept. (12-49)  
Christian Herald  
27 East 39th St., New York 16

Please send me the following, for which I enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

A Christmas Story (party)—free  
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Secret?



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It's so much fun and so easy to make candy with Baker's Dot Chocolate! You just melt Dot and pour over nuts, marshmallows, raisins, candied fruits, etc. With Dot you can make the world's finest fudge, and it's perfect for candy dipping. You'll find Dot's bitter-sweet flavor and tested recipes give candies that professional touch for home use, parties or bazaars.

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For a copy of Dot's special Recipe Booklet, write to Walter Baker Chocolate and Cocoa Division, P. O. Box 349, N. Y. 8, N. Y.

Recipes for these Brazil Nut and other Bars, Animal Cracker Place Cards, plus Fudge, Toffee and other sweet-meats in every package of Dot Chocolate. Now's the "candy season"—make some with Baker's Dot today!



Try these Tutti-Frutti Bars—  
they're so Christmas-y!

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup finely cut candied pineapple  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cup finely cut candied cherries  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cup finely cut citron

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup blanched almonds, cut and toasted  
8 squares (1 package) Baker's Dot Chocolate

Mix fruits and nuts until blended. Place in lined pan and cover with chocolate, melted as directed on the package. Cool to harden. Cut in bars or squares.



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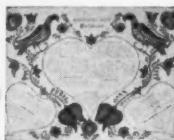


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A Fast Seller. — It's being used with great success by Church organizations on money raising projects.  
Order set at once and get our sales proposition.

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### Pennsylvania Dutch RECIPE FRAKTURS

Set of 8 Wall Sheets  
**\$2.00**  
Postpaid



Set of 4 Matching Place Mats  
**\$2.00**  
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The set of 8 wall sheets each contain a different authentic design and traditional recipe of the early Pennsylvania Dutch. Gayly colored in red, blue, yellow and green on 11" x 15" ivory paper, they serve a double purpose—to highlight your kitchen walls and as easy-to-consult recipes. These recipes contain thrifty foods for the body, and their religiously symbolical decorations provide rich foods for the soul.

The set of place mats are equally colorful and religiously significant, but do not contain recipes. They lend a highly festive note to any table.

*A really unusual gift item. Special discount to church organizations.*

### ADELE H. HERSHY

Hamburg, R. 3, Pennsylvania

*(In the Heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch Country)*

### THIS WAS MOODY

(Continued from page 29)

deeply that he snapped, "Young man, you'll know more when your mustache is a little longer." The boy blushed to his ears, completely crushed; Moody ran over to him and threw his arms around him and begged his forgiveness.

During a London triumph he was introduced, with appropriate bowing and scraping, to a noble of the realm. He was not too much impressed; he said: "Glad to know you, Duke. Now will you please take these chairs down the aisle to those two old women? They're deaf; they ought to sit up front." As the Duke went off with his chairs, Moody said to a worker, "See that the Duke gets a good seat, too."

He walked with kings, but ne'er lost the common touch, and it was that touch that made him great.

He wrote his brother George from Baltimore, in '78: "Did you send a turkey to the Sykes family?" The Sykes have been badly neglected by posterity, and that is bad, for they were responsible for Moody's greatest triumph. Driving over the mountains back of Northfield one day, he came on the cabin of the poverty-stricken Sykes; the father, a cripple, was chopping cord-wood from a chair, and the mother and three buxom girls were weaving straw hats for a store in Boston, for a pittance. They were so busy that they hardly looked up at the great man, but he looked long and hard at them. He drove back to Northfield, bought some land and started building the "Northfield Seminary for Young Ladies." For poor young "ladies," like the Sykes girls, who couldn't afford an education. They were to contribute what they could, and if they couldn't contribute anything they came anyway and worked out their tuition washing dishes or scrubbing floors or hoeing weeds in the garden. At the Northfield School for Girls they still work as they study—500 of them this year.

Then he bought two farms on the other side of the Connecticut River and started the same kind of school—the Mt. Hermon School—for boys. Rich and poor from Maine to California helped him finance it; they gave him their dollars and they gave him their sons. He took them from everywhere. One famous graduate says that in his class there were boys from 32 nations.

Moody would have loved that; he never did have any use for the petty divisions of race, creed or color. Bette Davis, who went to Northfield, says that she got her first real understanding and tolerance for other peoples and races on that campus.

To the Bible Institute in Chicago Moody brought thousands from the homes of poor and middle-class who had missed out on education in their youth, trained them in the basic "Come-unto-me" theology and got them out quickly to the highways and byways. Moody Bible Institute today has 2,000 students.

He was happiest in Northfield; he could never get home fast enough to the farm and the youngsters in his two schools. At five in the morning he would drive past the manse of the local parson and shout, "Come on, Scofield; you'd better get up." He'd come home to rest, preach every day, walk anywhere from five to ten miles to get his weight down, rush over to Mt. Hermon to help the boys dig garden or pull the rope in a tug-of-war or drive nails in the big auditorium he was having built on the girls' campus for his famous Northfield Summer Conferences.

IT couldn't last. He collapsed in Kansas City and they brought him home, aged only 62, to die. Thirty boys from Mt. Hermon carried the body down the long elm-shaded village street to the church for the funeral, then up a little hill called Round Top for the burial. Moody was gone.

He left pitifully little, by way of worldly goods. He and Sankey had made a fortune out of their little Gospel hymnbooks, but neither of them took a penny of it for themselves. He left a modest insurance policy to Mrs. Moody, and the old farmhouse in Northfield, free and clear, and that was about all.

But—not quite all. The boy from Northfield, who as a shoe-clerk in Chicago dreamed that in his lifetime he might possibly make as much as \$100,000, died and left schools in Northfield and Chicago worth at least a million and a half in cold cash, and worth a lot more than that to the Kingdom of God. And all across the world he left millions of people whose hearts and lives had been changed by his persistent and practical presentation of the Gospel.

The boys left him there on Round Top, where he had often said he'd like to stand at the second coming of the Lord. At rest now, he awaits the sound of the trumpet as confidently as he preached it. But there are old-timers around Northfield who say he can't possibly be resting. Not Moody! They say there are nights when you can hear the ghostly crunch of his buggy-wheels along the country roads as he goes hunting another Sykes family, a fellow with a burden, or a poor boy who ought to be getting an education—or doing almost anything but resting. THE END



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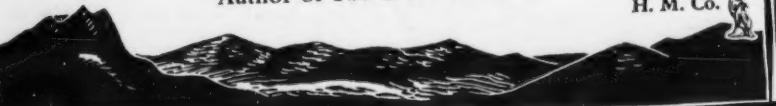
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# THE New Books

by DANIEL A. POLING

JOURNEY INTO CHRISTMAS, by Bess Streeter Aldrich (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 265 pp., \$2.75).

THIS delightful volume will make Christmas a living, joyous experience for every reader. The stories of Bess Streeter tune in on every deep emotion and are nostalgic with the memories they revive of your best yesterdays. These selections cover a broad field. They are perfectly designed for both personal and group reading. Share them with your family in a long or short evening of delightful reading. Within these backs you will find Americana, a library rich and rewarding—a thrill for the spirit, a full-course repast for the mind and a feast for the soul.

ANSWER WITHOUT CEASING, by Margaret Lee Runbeck (Houghton Mifflin, 333 pp., \$3).

ONE of CHRISTIAN HERALD's most popular authors has brought together between these backs a collection of her own adventure stories. There are scores of personalities, but the Supreme Personality is to be found in each one. Some incidents are highly unconventional from my orthodox position, but I agree that "when people are deeply moved enough to carry on a conversation with God the words are direct, forceful and alive." My own ministry often brought me face to face with that fact.

THE CONQUERORS, by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday, 430 pp., \$4).

THE glorious pageant of England, the marching figures of the immortal great who carried the world upon their courageous hearts, who often in weakness and without a discernable purpose but always in a rising crescendo of courage moved on to fulfill their destiny and the destiny of a people. Here we have the Norman Conquest and the Battle of Hastings until the Saxon and Norman were completely merged. A book not only for those who love history but for all to whom the "narrative of human progress is the most exciting of all stories." From the author you would expect this book!

THE SQUARE, by Haidee Terrill (Macmillan, 302 pp., \$3.50).

ONE of the most understanding, discerning novels that has yet been written of the America from the 80's until now. The principal character is undoubt-

edly a fiction personality of the decade, attractive, loyal and completely human. The Irish would say that she was born "under the veil" and had the sixth sense. Wherever you have lived in the last half century, if you have been of America you will remember "the square." At least once, even though you are of the pioneer heritage, you lived in a house by the square. The characters are as diverse as American life and moving out of the Victorian tradition they become as cosmopolitan as today.

*THE HISTORY OF NATURE*, by C. F. von Weizsäcker (Univ. of Chicago Press, 191 pp., \$3).

THE author deals with the evolution of matter from the beginnings until today. Have you ever asked, "Does our material world have limits in space? Did it begin, and will it end, in time?" Well, here you will find the answers with many other questions and their answers—the author's answers of course, but they are supported by scientific knowledge and they are lucid and simple. Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker is famed for firmly establishing the Kant-Laplace nebular theory of the evolution of our planetary system. He believes that there is an honest nihilism but he does not believe that it has the final answer. For him Christianity does have the answer. A rewarding book.

*PRINCE OF EGYPT*, by Dorothy Clarke Wilson (Westminster Press, 423 pp., \$3.50). This story of Egypt and Moses as a young man is a strong dramatic novel. It grips the reader. The light of brotherhood as it breaks across the spirit of Israel's law-giver illuminates the path of the chosen people on their road to freedom. There are passages that will offend CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, who will be equally unhappy with the dismissal of the miraculous.

*DAYS TO REMEMBER*, compiled by Maude E. Smith (Service & Supplies for Christian Work, leatherette, \$1.50; paper, \$1). This unusual little book may be used for appointments, as a diary, or for recording birthdays and anniversaries. Each day has its own Bible verse, and in addition there is a text for every month. Scattered through the wire-bound volume are heart-lifting poems and bits of inspiration to help keep the sun shining every day of the year. K. L. W.

*THE THREAD THAT RUNS SO TRUE*, by Jesse Stuart (Scribners, 293 pp., \$3). A rugged mountain story of a schoolteacher only seventeen years old, but disciplined with an early maturity that comes to the mountain people of the South. It is as uncouth as life in the world through which its characters move and as beautiful. Also it is vivid and realistic. Strong meat and perhaps too strong in spots, but forthright and dramatic. Not for Sunday-school libraries, though churchmen can get valuable information here.

*STALIN: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY*, by Isaac Deutscher (Oxford Univ. Press, 600 pp., \$5). Here is the biography of Stalin, the record of deeds, often sordid and as often terrifying but never dull. There can hardly be even an approach to



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an understanding of the times in which we live without knowledge of the material between these backs, but when I finished reading, the man himself was as unknown to me, as much of an enigma as he had been on the first page. That is perhaps the book's greatest achievement.

*LIFE AMONG THE DOCTORS*, by Paul De Kruif (Harcourt, Brace, 459 pp., \$4.75). An autobiography and a personal philosophy of life. These pages chronicle the fight by brilliant and responsible men of medicine against disease. Also, it strips to the bone those powerful ones who handicap the fighters. A book with profound social implications.

*SAM HIGGINBOTTOM, FARMER, An Autobiography* (Scribners, 232 pp., \$3). In this volume one of the great missionary-statesmen of his generation is made to live from his childhood up to now. "Sam Higginbottom, Farmer," is the title, but his "farm" was the total missionary enterprise. He became Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly and remains as an inspiration to Christians of all churches in every age level.

*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILL ROGERS*, edited by Donald Day (Houghton Mifflin, 410 pp., \$3). Will Rogers was the universal American and his "Autobiography" is the most American book of the generation. He was a philosopher and here is his philosophy. He was a humorist and here is his unique humor. He had an understanding heart and here are his heart-throbs. He was a diamond in the rough and here are flashes from the many facets of the stone. He was a friend of man and here is the man. Once again we know how much we miss and need him.

*TRUTH ABOUT CHINA'S CRISIS*, by Louis J. Maloof (Our Sunday Visitor Press, 143 pp., 75c). The most significant and dynamic appeal for support of our war ally against Communism that has yet appeared. It should be read by all Protestants as well as by all Catholics who have a vital Christian faith. Indeed it should be read by all Americans without regard to faith or race who are concerned for the welfare of freedom and who would help make the world secure for democracy and peace. Here is a man who knows the truth, who has seen at first hand that about which he writes and who has a flaming sense of mission.

*COUNTRYMAN'S YEAR*, by Haydn S. Pearson (Whittlesey House, 193 pp., \$3.50). A volume of the most delightful essays assembled in a writing decade. The author has gathered his material from his voluminous writings in the *New York Times*, the *Boston Herald*, the *Washington Evening Star*, and other journals. The pen has been responsive to a cultured mind and a radiant, ever-searching spirit.

*THE HOURS AND THE AGES*, by Edward Nicholas (Sloane, 304 pp., \$3.50). The publisher's blurb says "It is a fresh and original approach to the American past," and that it is. The great company of never-to-be-forgotten heroes of all degrees and racial strains move across these

pages. There is rioting through the streets of Boston and there is intellectual adventure equally thrilling. There is weeping and laughing, there is song and oratory. The love of Rachel Jackson for her impetuous hero-husband splashes the page with red. But always freedom is on the march and the spotlight of the author's fine writing illuminates the continent and brings the past into sharp focus with the present.

**TREASURY OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH**, edited by Stanley I. Stuber and Thomas Curtis Clark (Association Press, 832 pp., \$5). An encyclopedia in a single volume covering the full range and witness of Christianity. It is neither fundamentalist nor liberal; it is comprehensive and complete. No preacher and no religious leader, lay or clerical, dare to be without this book.

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF CIVILIZATION**, by Albert Schweitzer (Macmillan, 347 pp., \$5). Albert Schweitzer at his unique best. This is the first one-volume edition of the distinguished medical missionary's greatest work. On these pages he opens his mind, bares his soul on the glories of scientific progress but also the chaos which often follows.

**THE WATERS OF SILOE**, by Thomas Merton (Harcourt, Brace, 377 pp., \$3.50). In the spirit of his earlier volume, "The Seven Storey Mountain," Thomas Merton tells now the story of the monks' daily existence. There are familiar qualities, complete honesty and compassion which mixed with humor permeate these pages. The book is both contemporary and historical.

**KILLERS OF THE DREAM**, by Lillian Smith (Norton, 256 pp., \$3). A book of great courage and searching discrimination. The author probes her own soul and disregarding a tradition of the medical world, operates on her own family. Her scalpel goes deep but she hurts to heal. A woman of the South speaks out against segregation, but she has much more to say and she is constructive and dynamic.

**THE WAY WEST**, by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Sloane, 340 pp., \$3.50). A faithful and realistic historical, romantic novel. These are the people whom I knew as a boy, strong men and equally strong women who conquered the Oregon Trail and the rivers of the West to push the frontiers of the nation into the Pacific Ocean.

**FATHER FLANAGAN OF BOYS TOWN**, by Fulton Oursler and Will Oursler (Doubleday, 302 pp., \$3). Done by sympathetic writers with dramatic understanding, this human volume of one of the generation's great humans takes its place high among the biographies of the year. Here is a record of a man's devotion to a great ideal and the story of his unshakable faith in the boy. It is more than Father Flanagan's biography, it is the history of a victorious effort to conquer human delinquency.

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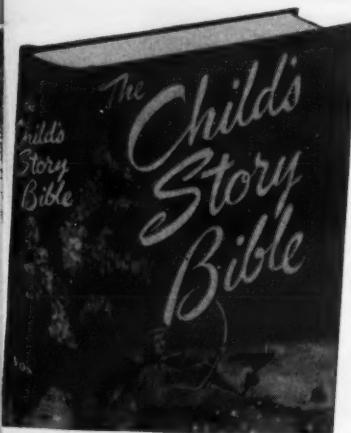
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HIGH TOWERS, by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday, 403 pp., \$3).

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ANSWER WITHOUT CEASING, by Margaret Lee Runbeck (Houghton Mifflin, 333 pp., \$3).

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CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey (Crowell, 237 pp., \$3). "A rollicking, poignant story of a family that had everything—including twelve children."

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A WOMAN OF SAMARIA, by James Wesley Ingles (Longmans, Green, 256 pp., \$2.75)

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**ESPECIALLY FATHER**, by Gladys Taber

(Macrae-Smith, 253 pp., \$3).

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**KINFOLK**, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day, 406 pp., \$3.50).

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**IN BEAUTY LIKE THE NIGHT**, by Lewis Arnold (Bobbs-Merrill, 288 pp., \$3).

"One of the finest stories of the year."

**MARY**, by Sholem Asch (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 436 pp., \$3.50).

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**THE MAN FROM NAZARETH**, by Harry Emerson Fosdick (Harper, \$3).

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**HAPPILY EVER AFTER**, by Hartzell Spence (Whittlesey House, \$3).

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**PRINCE OF EGYPT**, by Dorothy Clarke Wilson (Westminster, 423 pp., \$3.50).

"This story of Egypt and Moses as a young man is a strong, dramatic novel."

**THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD**, Bible Stories, by Nancy Barnhart (Scribner, 253 pp., \$4.50).

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**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILL ROGERS**, edited by Donald Day (Houghton Mifflin, 410 pp., \$3).

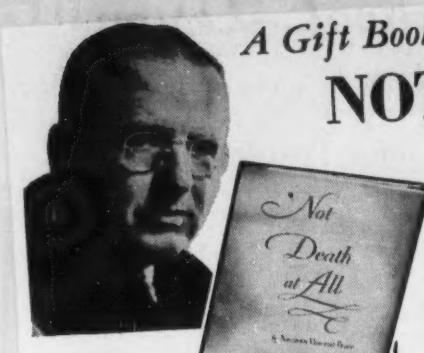
"Will Rogers was the universal American and his 'Autobiography' is the most American book of the generation."

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# Sunday School Lessons

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By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, December 4th

## PROPHETS FALSE AND TRUE

JEREMIAH 23:16, 21-32

THE work of a true prophet is always hampered by a host of false prophets who halt at nothing in order to gain the popular ear. Jeremiah could not remain silent while these wolves in sheep's clothing influenced the flock against him. They were in the prophet business for what they could get out of it. They discovered what the people wanted to hear and then spoke oracles to conform.

The desire to hear things favorable always stands in the way of those prophets who seek to warn of judgment to come. Too many people want to sit in their cushioned pews Sunday after Sunday and hear sermons that do not disturb them. They want to be told that they are not so bad and that a little sin is normal and to be expected. Their favorite text is not "The wages of sin is death."

How can the true prophet be distinguished from the false? This is a vital question. There are tests to make. Does the prophet go reluctantly to his unpopular task? Is he above any self-interest in declaring truth as he sees it? Is the spirit of his prophecy "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise"? These questions are involved in the first test of the prophet.

A prophet may be mistaken, but we want to know that he believes what he proclaims. We want to be sure that he is above self-interest. We want to know whether he expects to get something out of his prophecy for himself.

The prophets who hindered the messages of Jeremiah were time-servers. They knew what the king wanted to hear, and said it. They were like the politician who was described as "marching bravely forward with his ear to the ground." They flattered the king with eloquent descriptions of his wisdom and might. They encouraged alliances and influenced rebellion against Babylon that could result only in the destruction of Judah and the captivity of the people. Their insincerity was further marked by their immoral lives. When popularity becomes the supreme motive, life begins to disintegrate within.

Another test of the true prophet is his dependence on reality. He does not seek to justify his prophecy by the claim of trances and dreams. It is not the mystery with which the false prophet surrounds his prophecy that validates it. It is not seances, omens, dreams and all the trappings used by charlatans to prove their claims. All these are stage-settings with which the naive are deceived. We should beware when anyone supports the truth of his proclamation by such evidence. Visions, miracles, mysterious occurrences, all these are still used by false prophets to promote their own ends.

The message must be judged on its own merits. Will it stand by the test of God's Word as we know it? My dear old grandmother, whose Bible was a constant companion, had this answer, simple and unashamed, "I know it is true because the Bible says so." We who have Jesus Christ know God as He revealed Him, the God who is the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Does the prophet speak in conformity with what we know of God? Truth is its own test. Let us beware of the trappings by which men seek to establish their right to be called prophets of God.

### Questions:

*What has the personal life of the witness to do with the truth of his testimony? Is the relationship of life to testimony recognized in courts of law?*

*What are the marks of truth to be found in the life of Jeremiah?*

*How far is superstition a factor in our present-day religion? What evidence do you find in the religious advertisements in your daily newspaper?*

• Sunday, December 11th  
PERSONAL RELIGION

JEREMIAH 8:4-6; 31:29-34

THERE is a subtle, fatal philosophy that ever wars against personal religion. It is called "humanism," which means that man is the source and center of life. It believes that "man has within himself the powers and capacities for the achievement of the good life." It has been shaken somewhat by the experiences of the second world war. Men are not quite so sure that they can get along without God.

Jeremiah faced this false philosophy when he tried to change the policy of his nation from its dependence on smart diplomacy and on military power to give it security. He sought to lead Judah from self-dependence to God-dependence.

Human nature needs to be reborn, renewed, before it can be saved from self-destruction. Even the laws and ceremonies of religion will not become a substitute for a personal hold on God. Jeremiah was disillusioned as to the permanence of the splendid reforms undertaken by the good king Josiah. They were good as far as they went, but they did not go deep enough. If they were to last they must be rooted in a return to personal faith in God. Tearing down the shrine to an idol is negative and a half-way measure, unless a shrine to the true God is erected in the hearts of the people. Men can only "achieve the good life" when the power of God is working in them.

Jeremiah analyzed the situation in a striking condemnation (8:6). A humble approach of the soul to God is the secret of vital personal religion. There must be no pride in it. "Of ourselves we can do nothing," is the only way in which we can come to God.

Then follows communion with God in prayer and in the Word. All the ceremonies of religion find meaning only when there is personal realization of the Presence of God. When laws of right living and rites of religion become an end in themselves, they offer a new and evil form of idolatry. When they become a means by which personal faith is expressed, then they come to life and fulfill their divine purpose.

Personal religion is the foundation on which we may build sound and lasting ethical life. Social progress can flow only from this source. Where the sense of the loving, guiding Presence is lost, all is lost. Witnesses for Christ, in our community or in the world community, are the basic hope for "achieving the good life." Missionaries for Christ are today vastly more important for the future security of society than all the statesmen and diplomats. Evangelism is the one hope of the world.

### Questions:

*Read Jeremiah to discover his emphasis on communion with God. Here are three passages of many that describe his own personal religious life: Jeremiah 15:16, 17:9-10; 32:16-20.*

*What are we doing to cultivate the personal devotional lives of our people today?*

*A questionnaire was distributed by Walter B. Pitkin asking which of the ten commandments were most impon-*

tant. More than a hundred educators, social workers and students participated. The result made "Thou shalt not kill" first, "Honor thy father and thy mother" second, and "Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me" was sixth. Discuss.

• **Sunday, December 18th**  
**GOD AVAILABLE TO ALL MEN**

JEREMIAH 29:1, 4-14; 31:8

JEREMIAH knew that when he needed God He was near by, available. How wonderfully this faith is realized in Him Who promised, "Lo I am with you, even unto the end of the world." "Closer than hands and feet," our Lord dwells in the believer's heart. And He is a personal God, a God with personality. Jeremiah prayed, not to some vague "first Cause," but to One who heard and loved.

It is this realization of the Presence that brings vitality to prayer. It required great courage for Jeremiah to keep His faith when the people he sought to save despised and rejected him and stubbornly went on to the destruction of their nation and the captivity of their people.

Jeremiah's God was sturdy. We must read into that word something of the unchanging character of God. Even though Judah disobeyed Him and insulted Him with willfulness and idolatry, God stood by and did not utterly forsake them. It was this trustworthy God upon whom Jeremiah counted to bring the people out of captivity at the end of their seventy-year punishment. Jeremiah read the history of God's dealing with Israel and knew that He sturdily stood by His covenant with the patriarchs and kings.

Jeremiah often expressed faith in the God who promised: "Draw nigh to Me and I will draw nigh to thee." Read again the memory selection for this lesson, "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." How beautifully this echoes the "Comes" of Jesus. Or how wonderfully this seeking God is pictured in the parable of the Good Shepherd.

And the God who is eager to meet the wanderer seeking to return is also the God of victory. Jeremiah believed in no little tribal god, but in the God of all the earth. He saw Babylon and Egypt as much under the mastery of God as Israel. He read history that way. We need that perspective to see God's hand in history. Living in this confused age, it is hard to see any over-all plan of God working out. But a century from now the Hitlers, Stalins, the atomic bombs, radio and airplane will all fall into the pattern of Providence.

It was in a faith like that Jeremiah



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wrote his epistle to the captives in Babylon. Our lesson is a letter. It was not the first time that Jeremiah had received God's assurance that the captivity he saw ahead would end. (Read Jeremiah 24:6 and 27:22.) With every reason to leave the captives without comfort because of their treatment of him, the warm heart of Jeremiah reached out to them and sought to encourage them.

Even Jeremiah had a dim view, if any, of the divine purpose for the restoration of Israel. Their history is full of the tragedy of sinful failure. They were kept by God that they might cradle the Babe of Bethlehem. Hebrew history and prophecy find their meaning in Jesus. In Him the children of Abraham become a blessing on all mankind. In Him God becomes fully available for the captives of sin of all races and of all ages.

#### Questions:

*Jeremiah called upon his fellow countrymen to participate fully in the business, social and civic life of Babylon. Their longing for Jerusalem was not to make them "other-worldly."*

*Does this principle hold for the Christian today?*

#### • Sunday, December 25th GOD'S MESSIAH

ISAIAH 9:2-7; 11:1-5

MESIAH means anointed and is exactly the same word as Christ. The hope of a Messiah runs through the entire Old Testament. This hope sustained the Jews in all their troubled history. Sometime there would be born a prince who would be the perfect representation of God in His own character and would lead His people to a Golden Age of peace and prosperity.

The hope of Israel always centered in a cradle and a throne, a child and a king. The birth of a son in any Jewish home was more than a matter of family pride and satisfaction. It had religious significance. We are told that each pious mother, looking into the face of her new-born son, wondered whether he might not be "the child that was to be born," the Messiah.

With the coming of David, a new emphasis was made on relationship to him. It was to be a "Prince of the House of David" who was to be the baby, destined to become the king of Israel and Saviour of his people. The evangelists who recorded the life of Jesus lay emphasis on His lineage. They accepted the common expectation of their race that the Messiah would be a descendant of David. When the crowds shouted, "Hosanna to the son of David," as Jesus rode in triumph into Jerusalem,

**Do you hesitate to answer the questions  
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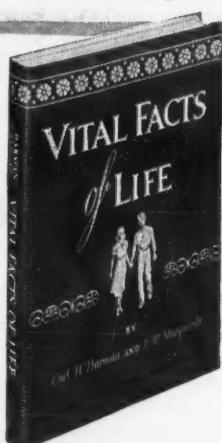
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they were giving testimony to this.

It was a time of darkness for the people of Judah. Yet in the midst of their dark despair there was a light appearing. Read the first verses of John's Gospel and see how the symbol of the light is applied to Jesus. Or recall how often Jesus called Himself "The Light of the World." It was this hope of a new day dawning that could sustain the Jews in the terrible experiences of the destruction of their homeland and their captivity to the heathen. It is this same light that sustains the Christian when he must "walk through the valley of the shadow."

The Messiah was to be divine, not only godly but God. It was with care for the significance of words that the World Council of Churches wrote into its constitution the requirement that its members should confess that Jesus Christ "is God and Saviour."

The Messiah was to be a father to His people. Isaiah foreshadowed the New Testament belief in the Fatherhood of God. Take the marks of a perfect father and you will find them all, not only in the teaching of Jesus with regard to His Father-God, but also in His own character.

The Messiah, too, was to be a man of peace. Though a son of David, He would not depend on force of arms to win his kingdom. Love, kindness, forgiveness, meekness, these were to be the means of world conquest for the Messiah.

Isaiah lived in an age when justice was a mockery, both in the decisions of kings and judges and in the common relationships of the people. His emphasis on justice and right can be understood. The poor and ordinary citizens in the Kingdom of Christ will receive justice. Where Christianity is at work in the world, justice prevails.

Everyone loves a child, and God could not have chosen a more perfect way in which to come. We look into the manger at Bethlehem and see God "become flesh and dwelling among us." Among all the glorious truths that make Christmas meaningful, this must never be discounted—"He is one of us."

Let Christmas bells ring in gladness because in Christ we have the long promised Messiah, the Prince of Peace, Immanuel, God with us. Without this emphasis our Christmas celebrations are a mockery.

#### Questions:

Read Isaiah 32:1-8. What does this add to the picture Isaiah draws of the coming Messiah?

Did Jesus see Himself as the fulfillment of Old Testament prophecy? Here are several references that will aid in answering this question: John 5:39, 45, 46; Luke 24:27, 44.



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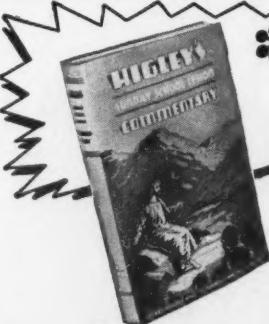
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# Memorials to Serve the Living

A sensible way to honor our departed loved ones

By LEE RICHARD HAYMAN

THE new grave lay on the gentle curve of the cemetery hill. Those who passed by knew that it was a recent burial because of the mound of floral pieces heaped to overlapping. But already the flowers were sorry things, wilted and fading with a symbolism all too striking. Already the naked yellow clay was showing through where blossoms had drooped. Rain had beaten a cluster of white roses into the mud where they lay stained, earth colored.

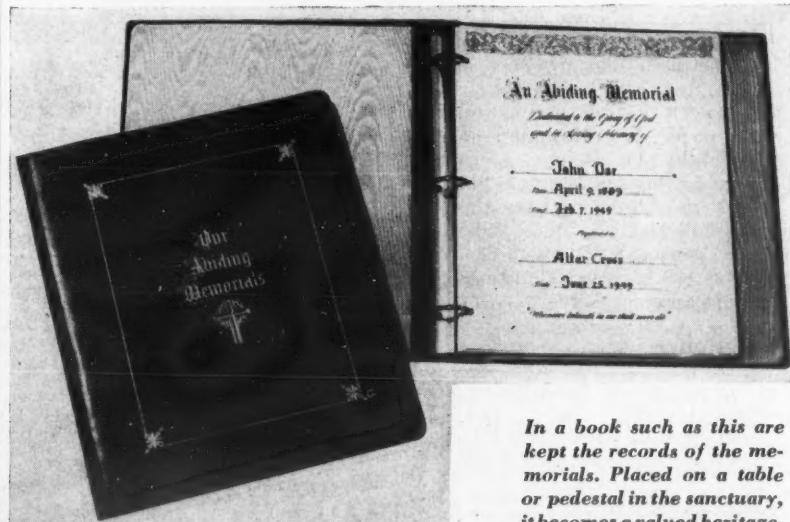
The bedraggled flowers represented many things—sorrow, comfort, good intentions, remembrance. But they also represented a cost that could be conservatively placed at more than a hundred dollars. And there they were, spent, useless, after their tiny hour of glory. One hundred dollars can blanket a coffin for two or three days—or it can take on any one of numbers of other functions and work for a generation or longer.

More and more people have been seeing those heart-touching new plots banked with decomposing love offerings, and wondering if this was a sensible, worthy expression of love, wondering if this was the best we could do. They've been wishing for a more

lasting and useful custom with which to enfold the memorializing of departed loved ones. One promising answer is a Cleveland minister's thoughtful program for creating practical and appropriate memorials *which will serve the living*.

For the past two years Reverend H. B. Withers has worked with Church World Press, Inc. in developing an idea which he calls "Abiding Memorials." The program has been completed after long study and close consultation with many local clergymen. Its purpose is to channel the money usually spent for short-lived expressions of sympathy into lasting and more meaningful remembrances.

"Abiding Memorials" begins within a church by the appointment of a memorial committee, whose function is to work out a blueprint which is passed on to the congregation for approval. The members have learned of the plan through a brochure, mailed to their homes for study. The brochure explains the working of the "Abiding Memorials" program, lists the names of the memorial committee, and gives suggestions for actual memorials. The congregation has further opportunity to hear about the new plan through



*In a book such as this are kept the records of the memorials. Placed on a table or pedestal in the sanctuary, it becomes a valued heritage.*

the church bulletins and announcements from the pulpit.

When the idea is adopted by the church, the few pieces of equipment necessary to put the plan into operation are easily obtainable. Of prime importance is a handsome book, which will become a part of the fittings of the church sanctuary and will occupy an important position on pedestal or table. On each page will be recorded the name of the person memorialized, the dates of his birth and death, and the name of the memorial established. This dignified record becomes a valued heritage of the church.

There will be a great range in the gifts made to perpetuate the memory of loved ones. To meet this difference, two kinds of memorials are established. A memorial created entirely by the sum contributed by friends and family, is established solely in memory of a particular individual. But a complete memorial is often not within the means of a family. For this reason, an accumulative fund is established and contributions may be made to it. Various worthy memorials, selected by the memorial committee, are purchased through the accumulative fund and each resultant acquisition becomes a memorial to several deceased church members.

In either case, the method for recording the names of donors to each memorial is the same. At the place of funeral services, whether in the funeral home, church or residence, the "Abiding Memorials Register" is made available to all who attend. This register will record all those who help in creating a memorial fund for the deceased. Each person participating inscribes his name on the page headed with the name of the one in whose memory the gifts are made. The register, when not in use, is kept alongside the permanent volume, in the sanctuary.

Those who participate in the memorial gift are given an appropriately engraved card which they sign and send to the family as an expression of love and sympathy. This card identifies the sender as the donor of a gift to the memorial fund of the deceased. No mention of amount is made; this information is always kept in strictest confidence.

An impressive feature of this whole program is the holding of special services of dedication from time to time. This is a comfort to the bereaved family and offers a sense of satisfaction to the entire church. Certain memorial Sundays throughout the year allow all memorial gifts, of every size and kind, to be brought to the congregation's attention. These dedication services may be beautiful and inspiring.

THE END

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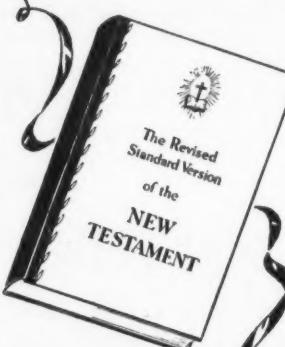
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### Man Who Caught the Weather

(Continued from page 26)

heard the sermon at all. A queer old man.

But the queerest thing of all was his strange prophecy that the day would come when the weather could be regulated. We young folks guffawed at that. "He was eccentric before he sprung that one," we said, "but now he's a nut."

In his half-pompous, half-gentle way, he argued it. "In the centuries to come, who knows but that humanity will have progressed to such an extent that men can catch the weather and retain it—hold it for a time to their own choice? You smile at that." He was sensitive to our thoughts. "But strange things have happened. Who would have thought you could catch the human voice in a little box and listen to it through a tube to the ear?" This was all many years ago. "Who would have thought a machine would rise up in the air under its own power? Who would have thought carriages without horses would go about the streets?"

"The whole trouble would be," we joked with him, "you would want rain the day we wanted sunshine, and living next door to us, there would be complications."

"I don't pretend to know how it could be accomplished," he said in his gentle, dignified way. "I merely suggest that in the years to come it may be so."

So the Parlines went on living their quiet lives. Refined, gentle folk, but different—and a little queer.

And then on a spring day, old Mrs. Parline died, as quietly and unostentatiously as she had lived. There was no fuss about it. A hard cold, the doctor coming and going, a neighbor slipping in and out of the back door, a cousin coming out from Chicago to care for her—death. The various members of our family went over to the house. Other neighbors came, as they do in small towns. A man's sorrow is the town's sorrow. In a neighborly community, sympathy takes concrete form. It becomes buns and flowers and apple jelly and sitting up.

Old Mr. Parline greeted us kindly, courteously. Outwardly he showed no manifestations of his grief, except that his face was gray and drawn. He was solicitous of our comfort. He brought in fuel for the kitchen stove and oil for the lamps. He went to the cellar and came back with apples, polishing them scrupulously. He asked us if we were too cool or too hot. He went up and down the tulip beds pulling a few tiny weeds from the soil. Such little things in the face of death! He looked at the thermometer, at the almanac, at the sky, and predicted a pleasant, sunshiny afternoon for the services. A queer old man, we all said. Not even

death itself could take his mind away from the habits of a lifetime.

Mrs. Parline was buried in Riverside Cemetery. "It seemed very mild out there this afternoon," he said to us a day or two after the services. "There was a light breeze from the northeast." We knew where "out there" was.

By Memorial Day there was a stone at the grave and a mass of scarlet geraniums which he had transplanted, and some parsley. "How odd," we said, "parsley from the vegetable garden." But he was always odd. We walked around the stone to read the inscription. Propped up against it, in the lush grass, was a thermometer. We laughed a little—but only a little. Some laughter is half tears.

During that summer he seemed lost, a boat without a rudder. It was pathetic the way he went about his housework. He hung the quilts out on the line to clean them—the Flower Basket and the Log Cabin, the Rose of Sharon and the Rising Sun. We would see him, walking about the yards in the evening with a lantern, reading the thermometers.

"Look at that," we young folks said, "he's batty."

"Oh, no," Mother said, "he's lonely."

And then, quite suddenly, we realized that he was going out to the cemetery at the sign of every storm. At the first glimpse of a thunderhead looming up over the trees, we would see him slipping out of the white picket gate and hurrying down the street. In some indefinable way he must have felt that he wanted to carry out that old habit of protecting her.

"It's ridiculous," we said.

"It's beautiful," Mother said.

If we expected his garden to deteriorate, we were mistaken. He took more pains with it than ever. More often he came to the back door with its products for us. Once, some one spoke tactfully about paying him, that he ought to have some compensation for his work. He looked pained. "Oh, no," he said, with gentle dignity. "Please do not speak of it again."

He found out the neighbors' various likes and dislikes. "I put out some turnips for you," he said to Mother. "I do not care for them myself, but I want you to have some." Yes, a kind old man.

And he continued to manage the weather. "I do not want to intrude." He came to the back door. "But I see your family is making preparations to go to a picnic."

"Yes, Mr. Parline. Wouldn't you like to go with us?"

"Oh, no, thank you. You are very kind. But I have work in my garden. I went to a picnic once in my youth. It was a very enjoyable occasion. I wanted to tell you that I think it will rain before night. The wind has switched to the east and the tempera-

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ture is five degrees higher." The queer old codger.

And then, as the years went by, he began to include others than the immediate neighborhood in his gifts—people he had not known before and with whom he became acquainted in the cemetery.

A cemetery is a friendly place. You talk with people there whom you have not known in town. "The grass ought to be mowed," you may say to the wealthy widow by her husband's mausoleum, or "Do you think the peonies will be out by Memorial Day?" to the Italian fruit vendor by his baby's grave. So people who talked to the old man "out there," even though they lived across town, became the recipients of his garden products.

It was the day before Christmas in that third winter after his wife's death that the gray clouds of the big snow began rolling up from the northwest. Someone saw him slip out of his gate, lantern and green wreath in hand, and hurry down the street.

"You don't suppose that poor old man is going out there to the cemetery?" Mother was solicitous. She put a shawl over her head and hurried out a side door. We could hear her calling, "Oh, Mr. Parline!" When she came in she had deep sympathy in her eyes. "I told him I thought he ought not to go out when it looked so snowy. He said in his dignified old way, 'That's why I want to go. I must get out for a few minutes before the storm breaks.' I suppose he feels that he protects her just as he used to. Isn't it pathetic?"

We had our usual Christmas Eve oyster supper. Company came. It began to snow—soft, damp, heavy flakes. It was late when it came to us that there was no light in the Parline cottage. Father went over. When he found no one, he went after two other neighbors and together they went "out there." I think from the first they expected to find—what they found. He was huddled up against the stone where he had crumpled while stooping down to look at the thermometer. The doctor said death had been instantaneous, that he evidently had taxed himself hurrying to make the trip before the storm broke.

They brought him home. Neighbors went into the little house, not so immaculate as in the old days, but in order. In the kitchen they talked in low tones about the old man, as though from the front room where he lay he might hear their comments.

A queer old man, they all agreed, but kind, unusually kind. Mother went into the cellar and brought up scarlet-cheeked apples and mellow pears.

"He would have wanted to pass them around," she said, with that understanding of humanity which she always seemed to possess. Scrupulously

she polished them before she served them.

The cousin and a young married daughter came the day after Christmas. The cousin cried a little, tears that were not especially sad. "I didn't feel that I knew him very well," she told us. "When I took care of Cousin Sarah he was always very kind to me. He brought me everything from the garden and kept me supplied with fuel. But I never really got acquainted with him. When we did talk it seemed to be only about the weather. But he was a good old man."

They took him "out there" where his wife was, and the dead geraniums under their thick covering of snow, the green Christmas wreath, the parsley from the vegetable garden, and the thermometer.

The rest of the week it snowed and sleeted intermittently. On New Year's Eve, Mother and I went over and sat awhile with the cousin and her daughter. They replenished the fire in the kitchen stove with some of the wood Mr. Parline had brought in. They brought apples and elderberry wine from the cellar. The house had the lonely feeling that hangs over one from which a soul has recently gone.

Drawn by thoughts of the old man's hobby, Mother walked over to the huge bank calendar hanging there on the kitchen wall. The last day of the year it was, and so the last of the calendar with its few vacant pages. Mother thumbed over the last of the written ones, each filled with the old man's wavering writing. "Indications of snow. Wind in the east. Temperature 20 at the north side of the house, 19 at the barn, 18 out there." Underneath was a homemade set of shelves, all the old calendars of bygone years in neat piles, the dates printed on the backs.

Through the clean, small-paned window, we could see low clouds breaking and slipping into the east. We were no doubt thinking the same thought—of the old man lying "out there" in the dignity of death, with the scudding clouds and the wind in the west, the old man who had lived close to the wind and the rain, the hail and the snow. Death would not seem so significant to him tonight as the importance of the setting—the rift in the clouds and the end of the storm.

There was the last of the few vacant pages on the calendar. He would have wanted it filled. Mother looked at it for a moment, then picked up the short, stubby pencil hanging limply on its long string, and wrote the weather for the day—the gentle old man's long Day: *Shadows gone from the valley—no night—and the need of no candle—sunshine—eternal sunshine—and the Seven Stars.*

Reprinted from "Journey Into Christmas" by special permission Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

## MEN OF DISTORTION

(Continued from page 17)

longer producing commensurately high returns to Government." Reduce the Federal excise tax from \$9 to \$6, says LBI, and Government revenues will increase.

But here's what actually would happen to Federal revenues if Congress took the advice of the distillers: The excise tax is the source of 95% of the Federal Government's revenues from distilled spirits taxation. In 1948 it yielded \$1,373 million. The 33% reduction proposed would cut Federal liquor revenues one-third unless liquor consumption were increased. To recoup this loss and produce equivalent revenues at the reduced rate would require boosting liquor consumption 50%.

Based on annual consumption of 171 million gallons—the 1948 figure—a \$6 rate would require Americans to drink up 256 million gallons a year so that the tax could yield the same amount of revenue as the \$9 rate. This would mean consumers would have to drink liquor faster than ever before. It's easy to see why the distillers favor this idea!

The pamphlet supports LBI's tax-cut demand with the assertion that "Federal excise tax receipts have fallen off 27.4% since 1946." It lays this decline to the present tax rate.

Here are the real facts:

In 1946, distillers enjoyed a highly profitable year. Americans drank 231 million gallons of distilled spirits. In addition, they consumed 3,100 million twelve-ounce bottles of beer and ale and 666 million "fifths" of wine. Our spirits, beer and wine bill that year, according to the U.S. Department of Commerce, totaled up to \$9.5 billion. That was nice going for the liquor industry.

Since 1946, liquor consumption has decreased and it looks as though 1949 sales will run about 26% under that year. Here's why. During and shortly after the war, consumer goods were short. People had plenty of free money and spent more for liquor. After 1946, industry got back to peacetime production and consumer goods again became readily available. Once more we were able to buy new radios, television sets, refrigerators, washing machines, furniture and automobiles. Furthermore, OPA went off and the costs of food and clothing and other necessities rose. Consequently people have had less money to spend for liquor, definitely a "luxury" item.

This drop in liquor sales is cutting down the profits of the distillers. They can't get people to drink more liquor unless they reduce prices—and they can't reduce prices, they

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say, unless the Government reduces the tax.

To get you and Congress behind their tax-cut proposal, the distillers have been talking a lot—and loudly—about the increase in the number of illicit stills seized and put out of operation by Federal officers in 1949 as compared with 1948. The increase in seizures, LBI would have you believe, indicates bootlegging is on the rise. Responsible for this, it says, is the present tax rate.

The fact is that back in 1940, when the tax rate was only \$3 a gallon, Federal men were seizing many more stills than they are today. And since nobody would claim that Federal, state and local enforcement officers are not doing as effective a job as ever, it would seem that there just is not as much illicit manufacture going on as in 1940 and succeeding years. Treasury department reports blast the LBI's silly reasoning to smithereens.

But the LBI, trading on the public's ignorance of the real facts, goes merrily on with its flagrant claims. Its pamphlet features this headline: "Moonshining Means Huge Tax Losses for the Government." Assume, says LBI, that all the stills seized by the Federal Government during 1948 had operated each day during the year at their full capacity. This would indicate a loss in Federal excise tax alone reaching, states LBI, "to \$674,174,000—almost half the amount actually received by the Federal Internal Revenue Bureau from legally sold, taxpaid, distilled spirits."

If this statement were valid, it would mean that Uncle Sam was collecting taxes on only two-thirds of the liquor sold in the U.S. It would mean that one out of every three bottles sold contained illicit and, to use the liquor trade's own term, "cheap and unsafe spirits."

The statement, on the face of it, is false. How can a still that doesn't operate deprive the Government of revenues? The fact is that the life expectancy of a still is measured in days and weeks. Illicit distillers don't operate regularly or at full capacity any more than the legal distillers do. On the whole, illicit distilling is a small-time operation. For each illegal still closed down during the fiscal year 1949, Federal officers averaged one person arrested and 15 gallons of illicit spirits seized.

LBI works closely with the Distilled Spirits Institute, the liquor industry's lobbying organization in the Nation's Capital. DSI also purports to give the public the "facts." There is, for example, its 1949 edition of "Repeal Facts." One of the headlines in this pamphlet proclaims "Crime High in Dry States." It then asserts

that "the two dry states (Oklahoma and Mississippi) had per capita more major crime than the nation as a whole." The FBI's 1947 Uniform Crime Report is the source for this statement. One has only to refer to this report to see how badly the men of distortion have lied against the very document they cite as their source.

Take Oklahoma, for instance. The report shows 13 wet states have higher murder rates than dry Oklahoma; 22 have higher aggravated assault rates; 13 have higher burglary rates; 16 have higher larceny rates, and 22 have higher auto theft rates. As for Mississippi, five wet states have higher murder rates; 29 have higher robbery

## BEAUTY ETERNAL

Though Spring gives way to Summer,  
Though Summer leaves so soon,  
When wind-blown gardens tremble  
Beneath an autumn moon,  
Though Winter comes to wander  
The world with ghostly snow,  
I have no time for weeping,  
For Beauty cannot go.

Though lilacs bloom and wither,  
Though roses turn to clay,  
Though goldenrod is drifting  
Where dead leaves dance and play,  
Though icy winds are blowing  
Across a cold, bleak sky,  
I have no time for sorrow,  
For Beauty cannot die.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer

rates; three have higher aggravated assault rates; 20 have higher burglary rates; 25 have higher larceny rates, and 24 have higher auto theft rates.

Apparently the distillers don't mind besmirching the good reputation of Oklahoma and Mississippi, two states they have tried hard recently to lure into the wet fold. (Oklahoma dries in September roundly trounced the wets.)

The distillers won out in Kansas last year after that state had gone through 68 years of constitutional prohibition. For good reason, perhaps, DSI omitted comment on Kansas' crime record! In 1947, when Kansas was still dry, it had one of the lowest crime records of all states.

In 1948, 32,000 persons were killed in auto accidents, according to the Council. One out of every six drivers involved "had been drinking."

But the annual slaughter of thousands of men, women and children on our streets and highways by drinking drivers does not deter the DSI from distorting even the figures of the National Safety Council. Under the headline "The Auto Record," the DSI

pamphlet states: "Take the word of the National Safety Council for it; automobile traffic fatalities have decreased since the sale and control of alcoholic beverages were legalized."

All right, let's take the word—the actual, not the distorted, word—of the National Safety Council! Its 1949 report "Accident Facts" reveals: Automobile traffic fatalities increased from an average of 26,869 annually during the prohibition years (1923-33) to 32,676 during the years between 1934-48 when the sale and control of alcoholic beverages has been legal.

The cloaking of misstatements, distortions of facts and the employment of outright falsehoods is no new development in the liquor industry's technique of "informing the public." This was apparent even back in October 1947 when President Truman tried to get the liquor distillers to help save grain to feed the starving people of Europe.

This was the situation then: On October 2, Charles Luckman, chairman of the President's Food Conservation Committee, requested distillers to shut down voluntarily and use no grain for 60 days as their contribution to saving 100 million bushels for European relief.

Here the liquor industry had an unparalleled public-relations opportunity. But the distillers—characteristically, where their own greed was involved—muffed the opportunity. They refused to comply with the request. Instead, they held out two "concessions"—first, to stop using wheat, and, second, to reduce their use of other grains 50%.

It was obvious to both the President and Mr. Luckman that the distillers were trying to outsmart them. They learned, first, that distillers normally use very little wheat and could do without any at all; hence, their grandiose No. 1 offer was no concession at all. They learned, secondly, that distillers were planning to double their grain consumption; thus, their No. 2 offer was meaningless. As a matter of fact, while the distillers were tendering their "concessions" to the President, they were already increasing their use of grain.

On October 5, President Truman himself made a personal appeal. "The distillers in this country," he stated, "have on hand huge stocks of distilled spirits and it will be no hardship on them to shut down for a 60-day period. This action alone will feed millions of hungry people."

The distillers were unmoved. They continued to stall. It was only on October 25, twenty days later, that under pressure of public opinion they reluctantly shut down. But during those twenty days they had consumed grain far beyond what their normal opera-



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tions would have required and thus worked against the purpose of the food program.

To try to gain public support for the position of the distillers, LBI and DSI then teamed up for a "public education" campaign. They published and distributed to editors and members of Congress a 20-page summary called "The Grain Situation and the Distilling Industry." In it they sought to scare Congress and the taxpayers by threatening that Federal tax revenues would suffer if they stopped making whiskey, even temporarily.

With a show of humanitarian sentiment they piously stated that "in a world where people are starving, revenue considerations are secondary," then quickly came down from their unaccustomed high-ground perch by showing how "secondary" such considerations actually are.

"It should be emphasized," said their scare statement, "that a single bushel of corn processed by the distillers brings into the United States and state treasuries a total of \$49.65 in excise taxes alone. . . . Thus, the small amount of grain which the beverage distilling industry uses each year in the production of beverage spirits yields billions of dollars in revenue for Federal, state and local governments."

The fact is that no revenue losses of any kind—Federal, state or local—would have resulted in a temporary stoppage. Taxes are collected, not on *production*, as the distillers would have you believe, but on *withdrawals* of liquor from U. S. customs bonded warehouses for bottling and sale. Since distillers had at least a three years' supply of whiskey and spirits in the warehouses, future revenues would not have suffered either. Distillers could easily catch up on production after a temporary shutdown. But just see how this obvious fact was glossed over!

Then the distillers gave Congress and the public another scare. Under the headline "De Facto Prohibition," the industry warned of dire social consequences if it were to close down, even temporarily. It warned that "total prohibition of production, coupled with high wartime excise tax rates, is an incentive to illicit distilling and moonshining . . . illicit distilling will inevitably lead to the anti-social evils of the prohibition era —mobsters, gangsters, gang wars and crime waves."

Of course, when the industry was finally forced into a "voluntary" shutdown, the prophesied dire consequences failed to materialize. We saw no industry statements on this!

Then the distillers turned to scaring their own customers. Because of the wartime stoppage of whiskey produc-

tion, they said, "there is today and will be for several years to come a shortage of aged and bonded whiskies. There is on hand at the present time, as of August 31, 1947, sufficient neutral spirits to produce approximately an eight-months' supply of blended whiskey."

Here's the answer to that one: Distillers had 471 million gallons of whiskey in their warehouses on October 1, 1947. This supply, plus the eight-months' supply of 43 million gallons of neutral spirits, was enough to meet full consumer demand for at least three years, without any further production. The supply of neutral spirits could easily have been increased by redistillation of sub-standard whiskey—of which warehouses held plenty—into neutral spirits.

Another reason why they should continue making whiskey, the distillers told the public, was that "processing grain by beverage distillers leaves 100% of the feeding value for beef, dairy cattle, swine and poultry, if these distillery residues are used properly." Yet the industry recovered for feed only 27% in 1946 and the same for 1947.

**W**HEN Mr. Luckman, on October 2, requested distillers to conserve grain they at once started to use more grain. They wanted to produce as much whiskey and neutral spirits as they could before they had finally to close down 23 days later. When complaint was made that this action largely nullified the grain-saving plan, the liquor men naively shrugged it off with the statement that in order to protect themselves they should produce what they could before the effective date of the shutdown. In this instance, the distillers were at least more frank and honest than is their custom!

These are only a few instances of the way Licensed Beverage Industries, the Distilled Spirits Institute and other spokesmen for the liquor industry give out the "facts." There are, of course, many more.

No fair-minded person would deny any legitimate industry the right to conduct a public-relations program supported by the facts, or even to make out the best case it can for itself on the basis of the facts.

But a program based on half-truths, misstatements, distortions of fact and outright lies can only create increased antagonism in the public mind. It is opposed to the liquor distillers' own interests. And certainly it—like the industry itself—is against the public interest.

That the industry itself doesn't see this is not surprising. We have it on good authority that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth honest fruit! END



## At Christmas, of All Times, the Light Must Shine Brightly!

**C**HISTMAS on Skid Row! What a deep bitterness will lie in the hearts of the Bowery's hundreds of discouraged and forgotten men—away from home and loved ones, beaten down by circumstances, defeated by drink, broken in spirit. Christmas! The one word in all the years that means joy, beauty, humility, reverence, consecration—what will it mean on the Bowery? It depends upon you.

Like a star of hope shining in the Bethlehem sky, the illuminated cross marking the Bowery Mission proclaims the love of God and God's people for those who are pushed aside, unloved even on Christmas. Each year the big Christmas tree and the gaily-wrapped presents piled under the tree and the homey Christmas dinner call these destitute men to remembrance of former days when they, too, had tall hopes and shining ambitions. No man is too hardened, too old, too cynical not to feel a compelling tug when Christmas comes into his heart once more. At Christmas, when his deepest emotions may be touched, the thought of his family back home gathered by a sparkling tree without him, eating a festive dinner around a table where there is an empty chair—this may be the very impulse he needs to restore him to a useful life. These men desperately need Christmas, the time of giving and forgiving.

But how brilliantly the light shines, how sweetly the angels sing, must depend upon you. We will do all in our power to make this a day of remembrance! But the number of Christmas dinners with the

little extra touches, the supply of gifts under the tree—gifts that have made misty the eyes of more than one poor unfortunate at the thought that someone, somewhere, remembered him—these depend upon you.

Today, now, won't you help to make Christmas a changing point in some man's life? Your contribution may provide the greatest gift of all—new hope, new faith in the Christ of Christmas. Put the Bowery Mission on your shopping list. Warm gloves, socks, handkerchiefs, underwear—you know the things that a man needs. You know what will bring a glow to his heart this Christmas. Send your gifts in holiday wrappings and your cash contributions while you remember. It would be tragic if there were no gift, no bit of Christmas for some expectant man at the end of the line, because you forgot.

Send your contributions and gifts to the Business Office of the Bowery Mission, 27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

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## 5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

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Get Carter's Pills at any druggist for 33¢ today. You'll be grateful the rest of your life.

## BOY FROM TSINGTAO

(Continued from page 23)

In the weeks that followed Chan and McCartney went often to the best White Russian restaurants and had steak dinners—to build up the boy. They rocked with laughter as each tried to teach the other Chinese and English, making signs and mugging.

McCartney was worried about Chan's living among the Chinese. Chinese boys all smoked and used vulgar language. But he found that not only did Chan never speak unclean words, but he despised the drinking of the marines, and cordially hated cigarette smoking. He wouldn't play with Chinese kids who smoked or talked dirty.

One happy day McCartney was able to get the marine provost marshal's consent to allow Chan, with his father's permission, to live a while in the barracks.

McCartney, his close friend Sgt. Verne Caskey, and Chan acquired a couple of big rooms in a storage building at the air base for their apartment. They went to Tsingtao, bought silks, satins, an oil stove and lots of stuff and furnished a swanky little home. They also acquired a houseboy. As McCartney saw how Chan developed he found himself increasingly considering adopting the boy as his own son.

Chan took to Protestant church services like a fish to water. McCartney had been reared in the Christian Church. So Chaplain Calvin M. Elliott who came out Sundays became a friend of Chan's, visited often for dinner, and began telling the boy about Jesus.

Chan was learning with a speed that amazed McCartney and Caskey. He memorized the English alphabet in one hour. In a few weeks he learned enough English to converse well.

Chan acquired toothbrushes, dental floss, dental care, pajamas, even a snappy long-trouser suit made by a Chinese tailor from a marine uniform. He became a favorite with the marines at the base, was made an honorary sergeant, bat boy, and mascot of the baseball team. Chan began calling Sgt. McCartney "Pop."

Being school teacher to Chan was a little too much for McCartney. The boy needed trained teachers. So one day they flew down to Shanghai to the Bethel Mission schools.

Miss Hu, American-educated Chinese principal, talked with the marine and the little Chinese boy. She had 1500 orphans packed into the 20 buildings of the 12-acre establishment. Facilities at the boarding school were overcrowded to the bursting point.

But the obvious love between man and boy changed her mind.

"Since you came here with faith in God that Chan would be taken care of, I'll find a place for him."

The lonely McCartney flew back to Tsingtao. Rumors of American evacuation of North China were flying about like sparks. He would start at once to work on adoption proceedings to take Chan home to America.

Chan stayed at Bethel Mission school from July 15, 1948, to December 15. In five months he completed what amounted to the first four grades in an American school.

In distant Tsingtao, McCartney was in contact with Chan's aged father, and with a Chinese attorney in Shanghai who was handling the matter of adoption papers with the Nationalist government. Time was running out. The Communist armies of General Chu Teh and Mao Tze Tung had flowed around Tsingtao and on south.

By December 15, the North China situation had deteriorated so swiftly that McCartney brought Chan back to Tsingtao Air Base to be near him. Chan said his prayers now every night. "And let me go to America with 'Pop,'" he always concluded.

ON December 25, while Chan was enjoying his first Christmas tree and receiving and giving presents, McCartney was getting the first dependable reports that the U. S. Marines would pull out of North China.

He hadn't received the adoption papers to present to the father. Furthermore he needed permission from the Chiang Kai-shek government to take Chan out of China permanently. Then there remained the little matter of whisking away a Chinese national on an American warship and into the United States.

The first echelons of marines were ordered to abandon the air base outside Tsingtao. McCartney pleaded with his officers and was transferred to the last echelon that would sound taps as the Americans moved out of North China.

Finally, one morning in January, 1949, the long-expected order came for that last little group of U. S. Marines to evacuate the air base and proceed to Tsingtao. They would pull out the next day. That very afternoon the Shanghai attorney was able to rush through the adoption papers. They came by courier to the base and Pop grabbed them. That evening as the clock ticked ominously he met with Chan's father before a secret conclave of village elders.

The long-bearded elders talked to Chan, to the marine, and to the father. This was a village affair. The old man was genuinely interested in

Chan's welfare. Finally he signed the papers.

The next morning thousands of coolies in a dangerous temper were rioting, smashing cars with big rocks as the line of marine trucks snaked out through the big gates of the air base. Pop had a 38 automatic in one hand, and drove the jeep with the other. Chan crouched on the floor boards as they sped out and through the gauntlet. "One more day," said McCartney, "and we'd have had to machine-gun our way out."

In Tsingtao, McCartney tried unsuccessfully for days to get Chan a visa from the American consul-general. In the final hours before sailing, the marine base commander arranged with the naval governor of Guam for the little Chinese boy to go there with the evacuating Americans.

The final string that held Chan to China was the necessity for a release from the Nationalist government. Bruce Morgan of the Presbyterian Mission base at Tsingtao secured that—and the way was at last open.

As the tall marine who wouldn't be discouraged stood at the transport's rail on February 14 and watched Tsingtao fade into the background down Kiachow bay, he put his arm around Chan's shoulders and thanked God for answering his prayers.

Days later when the transport anchored at Guam, McCartney took Chan to the home of the Bordallos, business friends of a previous trip. He left the tearful little Chan with the Bordallo children and departed on February 24 for the U.S.

McCartney had adopted Chan, but Chan was still a Chinese citizen. The only chance for the lad, all said, was for him to take his turn, in the Chinese annual quota of 105 allowed into the States. The sergeant found that the number of applications filed ahead of Chan would just about take care of the next 8000 years!

McCartney arrived in San Francisco in late February. On the trip to Pasadena to get advice from Chan's Shanghai teacher, Miss Hu, now in the country, he stopped at Santa Ana, California, near the marine base at El Toro. It wouldn't take long to say hello to his old friend Arney Neiman, Santa Ana jeweler. Pop told Arney his troubles.

"Listen," said Neiman, "when Chan gets to San Pedro for the hearing before the Immigration Board, Mrs. Neiman and I will stand up for you and Chan. And during that last 15 months of your enlistment term you leave that boy with us at our Los Angeles home. We'll take care of him just like our two boys, you hear?"

McCartney heard and was deeply grateful. He went on to Pasadena and Miss Hu. She put him in touch with a



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Los Angeles attorney who was adept at getting people into the U. S. The attorney was touched by the deep affection of the big marine for his adopted son. Knowing he wouldn't make a cent on this case, he nevertheless dived into the maelstrom. He cabled, wrote, phoned, pulled whatever strings were available—and finally secured a hearing on Chan's entry into the U. S., set for July 7-8 before the Immigration Board at San Pedro port.

McCartney then arranged with the Marine Corps to fly Chan from Guam to Honolulu. There the Red Cross took over. From his slender funds Pop arranged through them to fly his son via commercial airliner on to San Pedro.

A few days before the hearing, McCartney managed another 15-day furlough and flew to California from his North Carolina base. While his son was being questioned before the Board, he was pacing the corridors like any expectant father.

The Arney Neimans were there too. The Board questioned them and Chan for hours. Said one official to Chan: "What organizations do you belong to?"

"The Guamanian Boy Scouts," replied Chan proudly, his dark eyes shining.

"And what nationality are you?" the official continued.

"I'm an American," Chan piped up.

They must have been good answers, for McCartney was presently notified that his adopted son was in the U. S. for a year—as a guest. And the attorney is working hard at this writing to make the stay permanent.

After the hearing, Pop McCartney and his son went to visit his parents in Declo, Idaho. There a local judge approved American adoption papers and Liu Chan Deh, the little waif from Tsingtao, became Arthur Liu McCartney, Jr.

Arthur started to school in Los Angeles this fall. Every day he writes Pop the news—and his views. McCartney admits that Arthur raised such strong objections against his social drinking that he stopped. "When he insists that I stop smoking, I'll stop. It'll be a struggle, but I'll do it."

As soon as McCartney is out of uniform he will return to the University of Idaho, where he was studying in 1941, and complete his training as a pharmacist. Arthur will go to school there, and they will live with McCartney's parents.

The little shoeshine boy from Tsingtao has come a long way. And his Pop from Declo, Idaho, is right beside him. Say the immigration authorities: "A marine just doesn't believe it when you tell him No!"

# CAST YOUR VOTE for the Picture of the Year

**The Protestant Motion Picture Council  
wants your help!**

LAST year CHRISTIAN HERALD readers voted the endearing and nostalgic "I Remember Mama" as their "Picture of the Year." It was the one picture of all the hundreds released in 1948 that you considered the acme of good taste, providing clean family entertainment. So you voted it the year's best.

By this token you joined CHRISTIAN HERALD in its unceasing effort to deal *constructively* with what is often called "the movie problem." The motion picture industry, like almost every other, has in its ranks men and women of high ideals who are as disturbed as we are by pictures that reflect anything but credit on their producers. But they need support. They need to know that Christian people are behind them, and that these people will be as ready to applaud the good as they are to denounce the bad.

In voting for CHRISTIAN HERALD's "Picture of the Year," you are saying—and saying where it counts most, right in Hollywood: "This is the kind of picture we want! This is the kind I can take my family to see!"

Now again, this year, register your blow for the good and against the bad.

A glance at the list of the PMPC's twelve "Pictures of the Month," to the right, will convince anyone that Christian entertainment does not necessarily mean merely sweetness and light. There was no saccharinity in "The Snake Pit," "Command Decision," "Home of the Brave" or "Lost Boundaries." Here were forthright, if not biting, photoplays that made no compromise with reality but still emerged as stirring dramas for clean-thinking Christians. Young people, although not children, could be taken to see all of them, with maybe a little preparation and explanation on the part of the parents. The others, "The Boy With Green Hair," "Joan of Arc," "Down to the Sea in Ships," "The Stratton Story," "You're My Everything," "Christopher Columbus," "Jolson Sings Again" and "Samson and Delilah" could be enjoyed by all the family.

Here's your chance to tell Hollywood what kind of picture you and your family want, the kind you will consistently patronize. Think about the great ones you saw last year; it need not be one of the PMPC "Picture of the Month" choices. But make your decision now, and mail the ballot.

Winner of Christian Herald's contest for PICTURE OF THE YEAR will be announced in the March, 1950, issue of this magazine.

(All entries must be received by no later than December 31, 1949)



## The 1949

### "PICTURES OF THE MONTH" As selected by the PMPC

"THE SNAKE PIT" 20th Century-Fox  
"JOAN OF ARC" RKO  
"THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR" RKO  
"COMMAND DECISION" MGM  
"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS" 20th Century-Fox  
"THE STRATTON STORY" MGM  
"HOME OF THE BRAVE" United Artists  
"YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING" 20th Century-Fox  
"LOST BOUNDARIES" Film Classics, Inc.  
"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" Universal-International  
"JOLSON SINGS AGAIN" Columbia  
"SAMSON AND DELILAH" Paramount

Clip out, fill in,  
and mail this coupon TODAY!

Motion Picture Editor,  
CHRISTIAN HERALD,  
27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

My vote for THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR goes to:

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# "Samson and Delilah"

## PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Film Reviews and Ratings by the  
PROTESTANT  
MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

DOWN through the ages many artists and writers have been inspired by the Old Testament to produce masterpieces—in story and song, on canvas and stone—depicting dramatic episodes in the lives of the biblical great. Among the subjects treated, none has had more attention than Samson, that baffling combination of weakness and greatness, who, as John Milton puts it, "divulged the secret gift of God to a deceitful woman."

Now comes Cecil B. DeMille, master of spectacular screen art, with his "Samson and Delilah" (Paramount). To say that DeMille has done nothing superior to this is praise indeed. With certain deviations and expansions, necessary in a treatment of this length, the story is straight out of the Book of Judges. And it provides a moving account of the man whose faith is mentioned in the Hebrews 11 "gallery of heroes."

Fourteen years in the making, "Samson and Delilah" is a graphic spectacle of intensely dramatic events in the familiar story. While liberty is taken with the biblical text to provide a plot, there is no contradiction of facts. Their sequence may have been re-arranged, but none of this does violence to the moral and spiritual elements of the biblical narrative. They come through with almost devout sincerity—as in the case of Samson's prayers—and with awe-inspiring significance.

The all-important truth that Samson's hair is the symbol at once of his strength and of his dependence on God, that when the carnal nature rises above the power of the Spirit, compromise with sin and downfall inevitably ensue—with the possibility of subsequent pardon following repentance—will be understood by those with spiritual discernment. Others will see the lavish spectacle, a dramatic story, some superb color, grandiose sets, the re-creation of a long past civilization, and some interesting characterizations. To all, it should make certain biblical episodes live.

A large cast has been assembled and chosen carefully for each part. Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr are Samson



Hedy Lamarr and Victor Mature give outstanding performances in the title roles of Cecil B. DeMille's spectacularly beautiful and dramatic "Samson and Delilah"

and Delilah. Henry Wilcoxon, George Sanders, Angela Lansbury, make other personalities come through vividly. This is a story of much action, some of it is violent, but all of it faithfully and convincingly portrayed.

Says Dr. Poling: "Nothing greater in the filming of Bible stories has ever been done. Here is a dynamic understanding of the time and person involved that is, I think, unequaled in the history of the motion picture industry." **A, Y, C**

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young people 12 to 18;

C—Children under 12.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred thus (★) are of exceptional merit.

★ **SAVAGE SPLENDOR (RKO).** This excellent travelogue in beautiful Technicolor is the inspiring account of the Dennis-Cotlow expedition to Africa in 1948. While there is a smooth-running and informative commentary, the authentic "on the spot" pictures are the story. For one hour the audience is entertained by following the expedition through the Belgian Congo to Kenya and Tanganyika with unforgettable vistas of sunrise and sunset, animals at play and at bay, great rivers, majestic mountains, interesting native tribes and their festivals. While this will be most appreciated by those interested in exploration and travel, as well as by students of ethnology and zoology, it is highly entertaining also for family audiences. **A, Y, C**

**PRINCE OF FOXES (20th Century-Fox).** A good picture of the times of the infamous Borgias. The story has a strong motivation: the transformation of a "knight of fortune" through contact with a saintly man whose one concern is the welfare of his people and their freedom. Photographed and produced in Italy in the splendor of ancient palaces and among beautiful gardens, this film provides grandiose backgrounds for a grandiose performance. **A, Y**

**INTRUDER IN THE DUST (MGM).** This drama, with strong social implications, deals with the ever-present problem of racial tensions. Based on the novel by William Faulkner, and directed with a sure hand by Clarence Brown, it delves into the situation with sincerity, fairness and realism. The working out of the plot is extremely well done. A large cast includes some of the population of Oxford, Miss., where much of the production was filmed. **A, Y**

**THE HEIRESS (Paramount).** In this drama of mid-nineteenth century among the upper gentry in New York, the emphasis is on personal relations between father, daughter, and fortune-seeking suitor. It is based on the well-known story "Washington Square" by Henry James. The psychological implications are fully explored, Ralph Richardson dominating the picture in a flawless performance. Olivia de Havilland runs a close second in her metamorphosis from submission to independence, and from love to hate. Settings and costumes are superb, giving excellent illusion of period and place. **A, Y**

**BATTLEGROUND (MGM).** The Bastogne incident during the "Battle of the Bulge" is re-enacted with intense realism. Graphically pictured are the elemental misery

endured in snow-covered fox-holes, the anxiety of possible detection by the enemy, the fellowship in physical suffering and mental agony, the resourcefulness and the courage of the soldier in battle. The story is gripping, though we find it difficult to imagine a chaplain making as ineffectual a homily as that delivered to the men before they go to meet possible death. **A, Y**

**UNDER CAPRICORN** (Warner). A drama with enough suspense, impending tragedy, and sustained tension to satisfy any audience desiring intellectual and emotional entertainment. The cast is extremely well chosen, giving trenchant characterizations, even in the minor roles. Technicolor photography, settings, and costumes achieve near perfection and the musical score is remarkably well fitted. **A**

**THE RED DANUBE** (MGM). Depicting a state of affairs in Vienna after the last war, with the western democracies frankly at odds with the policies of Russia regarding the treatment and repatriation of displaced persons. At the same time, a parallel theme is developed as to the place of religion in solving current problems. The emphasis given here would substantiate the claim that the Roman Catholic Church is the sole custodian of eternal truths. A film heavily freighted with political propaganda, robed in emotionally stirring situations in which sacred verities are mixed with superstition, truth with fiction, symbolism with personal integrity. Confusion of ideas and ideals may result. **A**

**OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL** (20th Century-Fox). As a light story of "Tin Pan Alley," this picture has a certain nostalgic charm. Dramatically, it moves smoothly along until the climax during which the latest "show techniques" in singing, dancing and musical presentation are introduced several decades ahead of time. On the credit side, family solidarity is shown to good advantage. **A, Y**

**THE ADVENTURES OF Ichabod Crane AND MR. TOAD** (RKO). In these two separate story-cartoons, Ichabod's characteristics are exaggerated to comic-strip proportions, and the nature of the narration by Bing Crosby and the inclusion of music in a popular modern vein are incongruous in presenting a story of Dutch colonial times. As for Mr. Toad, he too suffers from transposition to the screen, much of the charm of the story being lost. **A, Y, C**

**THE FIGHTING KENTUCKIAN** (Republic). The story of some French exiles who, after the Napoleonic debacle, settled on granted lands in Alabama. When certain local men would defraud them of their holdings, a band of Kentuckians intervenes. The plot is overcomplicated, though some of the acting is adequate. A strong romantic interest may have its appeal, but we cannot call this ambitious film outstanding. **A, Y**

**PASSPORT TO PIMLICO** (Eagle-Lion). This parody on Britain's life includes a satire on tradition, the red tape

of officialdom, the British love of individual freedom and, at the same time, a wry presentation of social collectivism—all in a tight little story, well plotted to relax and amuse. The film may not have been planned with pointed social values, but they are present. **A, Y, C**

**I MARRIED A COMMUNIST** (RKO). This is the story of a man who as a disgruntled youth had been a Communist and who tries to escape his past. Full of intense situations, holding attention throughout a fast-paced plot, it deals with extreme cases, but as a dramatic production has some entertainment value as a suspense story. Like all propaganda films, it is aimed at provoking strong emotional reactions, the wisdom of which remains in question. **A**

**THE BIG WHEEL** (United Artists). Audience enjoyment of this picture about auto-racing will be measured by the steadiness of one's nerves and the interest in this sport. The story does not try to make the life of a "speed demon" edifying or idealistic. Mickey Rooney is well cast as the brash, arrogant, heedless young man determined to race cars, from "hot rods" in California to high-powered machines at the Indianapolis Speedway. The introduction of authentic—if prolonged—racing sequences adds to the realism. The boy learns through tragedy that to run a machine he must have a clear head, unmuddled by dissipation, and redeems himself eventually. A sentimental ending weakens an otherwise strong picture. **A, Y**

**STRANGE BARGAIN** (RKO). The story of a hard-working family man inveigled into making a suicide look like a murder, but whose honesty prompts him to admit his share of the deception only to discover that it was murder after all. **A, Y**

**MY FRIEND IRMA** (Paramount). To those familiar with the radio program of the same name, this comedy may make sense—or nonsense. Irma's extreme denseness is hard to believe. The complicated plot, which includes everything from intended suicide to a satire on quiz programs, borders on impossibility. Some drinking is part of the general disorder. **A, Y**

**MISS GRANT TAKES RICHMOND** (Columbia). A group of "bookies" get involved into constructing a low-priced housing development because of the social concern of their secretary who, innocent of the ways of gambling, gets them into complicated operations and, unwittingly, brings about the desired results. The comedy borders on slapstick, and on the whole is an ethical muddle. **A, Y**

**EAST OF JAVA** (Universal-International). Tense melodrama, laid at sea and on a South Pacific island. The plot is complicated; murder and intrigue, motivated by greed, are ever present. However, the main roles are played convincingly, and there is some unexpectedly good music in an atmosphere of waterfront dives. **A**

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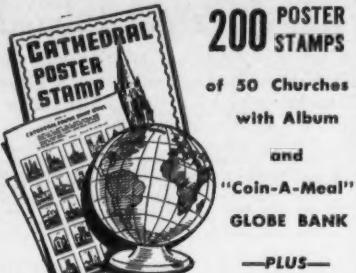
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**LIGHTHOUSE ON SKID ROW**

(Continued from page 39)

In another room jampacked with worn but presentable suits, overcoats, shoes and haberdashery, Jack picked out a wardrobe. "Was all this clothing donated?" he asked curiously. "That's right," Roland said.

Dressed in better clothes and with nothing to do, Jack went into the quiet, book-lined library and tried to read. But without the old man he felt lonely, so presently he wandered into the next room, a recreation room, fitted up with a radio, games, and ping-pong tables. "You wanna play a little ping pong?" a fellow asked.

Jack shook his head, "I feel far too rugged for ping pong," he said grimly. "There's a bad wine sore on my ankle, besides."

"You better see Doc Silver about that," the fellow said. "He'll fix you up."

"Doc Silver?"

"Yeah. In the free clinic downstairs. From two o'clock every day."

By that time it was noon, and Jack and the others went down to the chapel. There was a brief noonday service, and, like the night before, the friendly little cathedral was packed. After the service 300 men had lunch—plenty of crisp, fresh doughnuts and coffee.

At two o'clock Jack was in Doc Silver's clinic, efficient with its antiseptic cleanliness and examination table. As the Doc cleansed and dressed the ugly, foul-smelling lesion, Jack asked, "How many of your Mission patients have these things?"

The doctor considered. "About half. Mostly they're on the legs and feet." He looked at Jack quizzically. "You look like an intelligent man. Do you want to know how excessive drinking affects my Mission patients? Well, a lot of the fellows have kidney and heart ailments—nephritis, arteriosclerosis, cirrhosis of the liver and so on. In cold weather there's a lot of pulmonary illness—recurrent colds, pneumonia, grippe. Any more questions, young fellow?"

No, Jack had heard enough, and none of it had been pretty. He went downstairs and out in the street and stood on the sidewalk soaking in the sunshine. At four o'clock the old man came along. "Picked up six bucks today, washing windows and stuff," he said cheerfully. "Won't be long before they move me uptown to Halfway House."

What Halfway House was Jack didn't ask, and the old man didn't attempt to explain.

Again that evening they went to service, and again Jack held back from the altar. He didn't know why, because he really wanted to go for-

ward, but that false pride kept holding him back. *I'll go when I'm worthy, when I do something I'm proud of*, he decided.

That night he slept on the fourth floor, in a clean, comfortable dormitory with 64 other men. He had a real white-painted iron bed, a real mattress, sheets, pillowcases, blanket.

Next morning, Tom Roland gave him subway fare and sent him out on a job. It wasn't much of a job—only housecleaning—but he earned six dollars. The following day he earned five. The next day was Friday, and he spent eight hours cleaning a cellar; when he got through, the woman gave him two dollars.

"Lady," he said incredulously, "is this all you're going to pay me for eight hours' work? Twenty-five cents an hour?"

She looked at him contemptuously. "What do you think I called the Mission for? Do you think a bum is worth as much as respectable help?"

Jack walked out without a word. He was numb with hurt and anger. *She's the kind Roland warned me about; one of the few that try to take advantage. I should have made my agreement with her in advance, as he said.*

He walked into the first bar he came to and ordered a beer. Just one beer, that was all he was going to have—to quiet his anger. But then he had another, and another . . .

**S**UNDAY afternoon he was stumbling down the Bowery, shaking like a leaf again. Time had collapsed like a squeezed accordion; where he'd been drinking, whom he'd cadged drinks from, the doorways he'd slept in—such details were vague. A cement mixer pounded away inside his skull. He reeled toward a man who looked like a promising touch. "Mister," he whined hoarsely, "for God's sake, can you give me a quarter for something to eat?"

The man stopped, and the fog lifted slightly. It was George Bolton.

Bolton looked at him. "Here's your quarter, Jack," he said. He dropped the coin in Jack's hand. "What you do with it is up to you. But remember this, Jack. It's the Lord's quarter I'm giving you, I'm giving it as you asked it—for God's sake."

Jack stumbled away fast. *He recognized me!* He weaved into the first bar he came to, dropped the money on the mahogany. "Gimme a . . ." he began. Then he stopped. "Forget it," he said. He picked up the quarter and walked out. He chose a quiet doorway, away from the other stumblers, where he could think.

At 7:30 he was back in the Mission, listening to the organ and the lovely old hymns and the spoken words.

Yet he wasn't really listening to them at all, he was really listening to an inward voice for the first time in his life. *The Lord has tested me, and I have not failed Him. Blessed be the Name of the Lord, for the strength He has given me.* And he knew that the Lord would always give him strength, if he but chose to accept Him.

And when the time came for George Bolton to invite men to come forward to the altar, Jack Buchanan was first.

That was months ago. Jack hasn't had a drink since. Oh, it would be dramatic to write that he had a hard time to stay off the stuff, but actually he didn't. The desire went like a strange magic the night Jack unreservedly accepted Jesus, threw himself upon Christ's mercy, and prayed with all his heart for help.

After Jack sobered up, Tom Roland got him work. First it was odd jobs, by the hour or day. After two weeks, Roland got him a fair-paying job—back in his profession again. Finally, one evening after service, Roland asked him, "How'd you like to move, Jack—up town to Halfway House?"

By that time, Jack knew what Halfway House was. He'd learned from the others. It was the House on 46th Street, the House of Beginning Again, the quiet old brownstone residence where the Mission sent men who seemed ready to stand on their own two feet again. Not even the neighbors suspected that this was not just another middle-class rooming house for men. It was a "respectable" address a fellow could use safely in applying for a good job. The rooms were attractive, with crisp curtains, deep, comfortable chairs, pictures on the walls. And you paid what you could afford; that gave you self-respect.

"I'd like to," Jack said. "I'm ready."

So Jack moved uptown. One night he wrote Mary a letter—and she replied. Now he has a sheaf of letters from her, and she's beginning to hope that, with the help of God they can build a happy marriage from the wreckage of the old. She's written Jack that she's willing to talk it over, and he's going to visit her and the kids this coming Sunday. It'll be all right.

And—oh, yes—George Bolton has a quarter he's particularly proud of. It's the quarter Jack Buchanan returned to him—the Lord's quarter. Of course, it's not the identical same quarter, because George Bolton keeps giving it away, but then again it keeps coming back, from many Jack Buchanans. Maybe, at that, it's the same quarter, after all. Anyway, it goes out and comes back, again and again—but always "for God's sake."

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### BLOOD PRESSURE

(Continued from page 27)

the morning, numbness and dizzy spells later. In the second place, they followed their doctor's recommendations and adjusted their lives so as not to strain their bodies to the breaking point.

Instead of gadding about in a perpetual social whirl, they relaxed and took life easy. Instead of blustering until he was red in the face, the major took his politics and other inflammable issues calmly. He stopped working in mid-afternoon and interspersed his engineering business with short, rejuvenating vacations or week-end fishing jaunts. His wife interrupted the housework with frequent rest periods, and went with him on his trips. Together they avoided excitement and strenuous labor; they stopped worrying about trifles.

It was as easy as that. A nice life if you can get it—and you can. No drugs or pills, no restricted diets or surgery—all of which, as the American Foundation for High Blood Pressure recently announced, are not generally effective in treating most hypertensives.

In itself, high blood pressure ordinarily is not dangerous. The hazard lies in what it does to your body after it becomes chronic, after it fails to drop back to normal levels. If your heart is weaker than your blood vessels, if you make it overwork forcing blood through narrowed vessels, it will tire and stop. Looking back at Miss Emma—that's the reason why she died. Her heart couldn't stand the added strain of pushing blood through a body already damaged by being overweight.

On the other hand, if your blood vessels are the weakest links, they may burst under the increased pressure. When this happens extensively in your brain, the result is apoplexy. And there you have the explanation for Charles Burke's death. Sometimes, however, the damage is not extensive and the stroke doesn't kill; but its after-effects may be equally calamitous. It can turn you into an old man overnight.

Here too is the reason Claire Fullop was blinded while helping her husband farm his land. The capillary veins in her eyes couldn't sustain her blood pressure and exploded. Mary Lyddy's kidney was infected because it couldn't get enough blood, stopped filtering waste products out of her body.

These are the destructive mechanical gestures of hypertension. But do they really explain anything? Is it any help to know how Miss Emma died? To know why Claire and Mary suffered? Or how Major Jones accommodated his life to the whimsies of hypertension?

Must you, too, wait and take your chances?

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The answer, scientists hope, will be found in you.

High blood pressure is a pathological squeeze play which you trip into being and which ends up with you as the victim. More often than not, psychiatric examinations of hypertensives turn up deeply hidden emotional tensions. An elderly woman contracted hypertension when, as much as she wanted to, she couldn't find a way to keep the marriage of her daughter and son-in-law from breaking up. A young wife built up her blood pressure by worrying over her inability to have children.

Any bad emotion—envy, fear, anger, brooding, jealousy, revenge—will send your pressure up, perhaps to stay. Hatred has chastened many individuals. A druggist hated his partner, but by the time the partnership was dissolved it was too late. A banker was more fortunate. He discovered his hypertension was caused by hatred for his business. He couldn't cure the disease, but he learned to live with it after changing jobs.

Cornell University's Dr. Stewart Wolf summed up the dissatisfaction of these people when he said, "It is quite clear that a close association exists between the level of the blood pressure and the degree of satisfaction in the life situation."

Looked at in this manner, the fundamental reason for Miss Emma's death becomes quite clear: discontent and insecurity, the insidious twins of modern life. They had their inception in her childhood under a domineering mother. They were well-established in her character when Miss Emma was left alone and couldn't find anyone to lean on. They embedded themselves permanently when, as a young lady, men passed her by for other women.

She commenced to eat too much, to take in-between-meal snacks. A full stomach dulled the edge of her emotional aches and pains. Not to be left out, she went into church and club activities. Between scurrying about to get jobs done and being overweight, by imagining that people didn't like her and trying to keep from being hurt, she pushed herself too far—and lost.

Charles Burke died because he lost the knack of living serenely. He worried too much about the huge bills his wife ran up for clothes, worked constantly harder in order to pay for them. He refused to take time out for recreation, since that was time lost and wouldn't pay off the mortgage on his home. Overwork and anxiety over losing his wife if he couldn't keep her happy finally turned back on him. He lost her in a way he hadn't reckoned on doing.

Dissatisfaction with her life was the real beginning of Claire Fullop's blindness. The frugality of farming for a



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livelihood preyed on her. Not being able to buy a new dress when other women did kept her emotionally upset, and laid the ground-work for hypertension. But she got off relatively easy.

Perhaps the wisest of the four people was Mary Lyddy. After she returned home from the hospital she commenced to take stock of her life. She found the children annoyed her with their incessant noise and activity. She kept getting upset and angry when they mussed up the house. While her husband was laid off for a week by the factory, she fretted about finances, spent long hours shopping for bargains.

It didn't take Mary long to realize what was happening to her. She was repeating the pattern of life that had sent her to the hospital, and would do so again—or worse—if permitted to go on. And what really clinched the matter for her was the unpleasant fact that she wasn't enjoying life, she wasn't happy.

Without more ado, Mary gathered up the youngsters, packed them off for a week-end at their grandmother's house, and began to relax. She went back to her doctor and, under his guidance, carefully reorganized her life.

By taking a nap each afternoon before the children returned from school, she was able to cope with them. Instead of eating three heavy meals a day and feeling loggy, she ate four or five light ones. Instead of fuming inwardly about household expenses, she discussed them openly with her husband. She stopped shopping for bargains, watched the morning newspapers, and knew beforehand where to go for exactly what she wanted. Every once in a while she'd try to plan a surprise for her family, something new and appetizing on the menu, or take them off for a picnic.

But, most important of all, she began taking the counsels of her church and her Bible seriously. She found relief for her troubled spirit in the calm of the sanctuary, discovered soul restoration in reading and memorizing suitable comforting passages from the Scriptures.

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## FOR THIS IS CHRISTMAS DAY

(Continued from page 21)

Your hotel isn't made of rubber—you can't stretch it, even for one more person! It's Minnie who suggests the stable. She suggests it because she's slept there, herself, many nights when she hasn't had any other place to go! It's been her refuge and—wake up, Minnie! Pay attention."

"I'm awake," said the character woman. "I'm paying attention."

The boy with the face of a saint spoke up. "Angels singing," he said, "a star shining from the sky, and there I stand, a young thief. I've heard about the caravans coming from the East—I want to make a big haul. I see this mother bending over her baby—I get converted," he laughed. "Craziest show I was ever in!"

Softly, experimentally, the organist was playing "Silent Night, Holy Night." The sponsor's representative thought, "That's beautiful, anyway. It touches my heart. Why doesn't it touch *their* hearts?" And then the door of the glass room opened and a girl slid into a seat between the sponsor's man and the engineer.

"It was hard to get up," she said, "but I wanted to *see* the show, as well as hear it. . . . It's the first thing I ever wrote in this mood—"

The engineer said, "Meet the sponsor's representative. Bill Collins—Fran Tempest. Mr. Collins—the author."

The author smiled. She said, "You've given the world a white Christmas with lots of soapsuds, Mr. Collins," and the sponsor's man told her, "You've given us a fine script!"

"A script's only as good as the show that comes out of it," sighed the author. And then everybody was quiet—watching, listening to the shadings of the last rehearsal before the show went on the air. To the sponsor's representative it was like the moment before the darkness comes—or the dawn. It was like the moment before the kick-off at the last football game of the season.

Detachment in the face of an old woman who dreamed of the past. Dark separation from reality in the face of the young woman who refused to dream of the past—a recklessness that didn't belong in the face of a Madonna. A leading man, inexperienced enough to be confused by all of this but sophisticated enough to be synthetically above his confusion. A boy who drummed ceaselessly and noiselessly on blue-penciled sheets of paper.

The engineer said, "Only five minutes more to wait—I don't like this." The author said, "I never wrote such a script before." She spoke as if she were apologizing. "I don't know what got into me." The sponsor's man said, thinking only *partly* of the red and black sides of the ledger, "I hope we

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get a show!" The director outside gestured futilely with his hand and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief, and the organist bent her head above the keys and went into "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

And then the director was coming back into the control room and was closing the door behind him. "I've been in this racket for twenty years," he said. "I don't know why I've got butterflies in my stomach today! Mary Davis is telling her husband, directly the show's off the air, that she wants a divorce! He's waiting for her outside—he'll be knocked for a loop—he loves her. . . . Ron's mother has been trying to reach him on the phone all morning—but he refuses to take the call! I think Minnie's hungry. I'd better slip her ten bucks advance when the show's over so that she can buy some grub for herself. *What a life!*"

"The show will be on the air in two minutes," said the engineer. "If you have any last minute message—"

"I haven't," said the director. He leaned over and patted the author's shoulder. "Glad you could get down here, Fran," he said, "in time for the massacre!"

The engineer turned a knob. He said, "One minute," and the director stood up and gestured with his hand, and the organist straightened and her hands were expectant over the keys, and Mary Davis ceased to look into the eyes of her leading man and bent her eyes to a typed page, and the leading man picked up his script and started to study it, feverishly, and Ron, the boy, stopped drumming and the old woman, Minnie, seemed to sink farther into herself but her parchment fingers tightened on her script.

And then the announcer hustled in and the engineer said, "We're on the air, Ed," and the director made a gesture and music swelled from the organ to the roof of the studio. And the announcer said, smoothly—

"Because it's Christmas Day, and because of the nature of our Christmas story, there will be *no* commercial message. This program is brought to you by a sponsor who wishes each and every one of you a Merry Christmas and hopes that the whole family, including the children, is listening." He stepped back—the music went up again, faded to a whisper. It became less than a whisper and Mary Davis stepped in front of the microphone—

She read, "I wish that you could manage to take me in. . . . I wish that you could find room for me. I'm a long way from home and I'm up against one of the most difficult hours a woman ever had to face." . . . Was she thinking of what she'd say to a man who waited for her in an outer room?

The young chap from the west was in character. He read—"I only have

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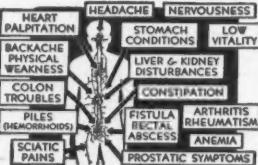
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just so many rooms. I realize that you need shelter—but every room's taken. . . . You'll have to go somewhere else, ma'am. I'm sorry, but I can't do the impossible. I can't do miracles."

The lovely voice of Mary Davis read, "This is a moment—for miracles. . . . Well, if I must go on, I must, but—" her voice quavered—"I'm so tired—so very tired—and the road is so long." Was she thinking that life's roads might be longer from now on?

The old woman was making her way to the microphone. She read: "I've been tired myself, lately, many times. I used to be young and beautiful like you, lady—but I'm old now. I'm at the end of my rope. There's nothing left for me. . . . And yet, at times—I've found refuge in that stable, over there. . . . At times, when the night has been dark and stormy, I've crawled under the hay—and it's been sweet with the scent of last year's clover—and I've dreamed of a summer, long past—"

Mary Davis read: "It's good to have a dream—I dream of the days to be—



## Had My House Been Filled

Had my house been filled at Bethlehem.  
What should I have done  
With that request  
Of two for rest?  
Would I have guessed  
The Prince of Peace was come?

—Allison C. Wood



of the years to be." Her hand crept up. It fumbled with the lace that edged the collar of her smart, dark dress. What was the object she was touching—at the end of a chain? The director caught the flash of metal. Could there be a tiny cross—such as a baby might wear—hanging at the end of the chain?

The young man from the west read bitterly: "What's the good of a dream? Dreams are for sentimental fools. . . . I'm a—" he hesitated ever so slightly—"a merchant. All innkeepers are merchants. I have something to sell—" (space in his heart, wondered the director?) "I have rooms, and they're all full. . . . Of course, if you wish to stay in the stable, it's your own affair—"

Ron Carleton, the boy to whom the miracle would happen, read swiftly, moving up to another microphone. "They mustn't see me hiding here," he muttered. "There's something about that woman's face—like a light! I never saw a woman's face that was so radiant. It makes me want to be better—better than I've ever been before. . . . It makes me sorry that I'm a thief—but thieving is my business. . . . They mustn't see me hiding here or they'll throw me out and then, when the caravans come, I'll miss them. I'll miss

## Are you in the know?



### At a large party, how should you introduce a late guest?

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I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

**SENT ON APPROVAL**

those jewels I've heard about, the gold. . . . But that woman's face—"

The script went on. Telling a story that might have happened on the first Christmas Eve. The story of a harassed innkeeper and a thief and a Madonna and a world-weary old woman. On the air a baby was born and animals knelt, in worship—

"The animals kneel because they love my baby," read the leading woman, and an old woman cried softly into the microphone. "The wasted years," she read, "the years when I too, might have built toward happiness, toward love, instead of toward false gods—"

An innkeeper was repentant. "I might have found a room," read a young man from the west. "I might have found room in my heart, if I'd known how great love can be—"

A young actor with a face like a saint's read: "If I could learn goodness—decency to take the place of the evil I've learned so early. If I could go back to my own mother and be a little child again." . . . Somewhere—beyond the sound-proofed walls of the studio—a phone was ringing. Somewhere a worried mother's voice was saying, "When Ronnie Carleton comes off the air please ask him to call me back—"

And a miracle was happening in that small world which, on this Christmas morning, was curiously set apart. In the control room the director's gestures didn't have the impatience they usually had, and the engineer's hand was strangely gentle as he sent sound waves out across the nation. The sponsor's man realized that his eyes were a bit misty; he took off his glasses and rubbed them and put them back on again. And the author leaned forward, listening to her own words with a vaguely surprised expression.

And then the show had reached its climax and Mary Davis was making her final speech, and she scarcely seemed to be reading the lines which she spoke so earnestly.

"Birth," she read, "comes so quietly, so simply. Beauty is ushered into the world so unexpectedly, and then it's there and the whole world is better for it. My baby is beauty. Beauty that will last across the centuries even though he may go—too soon. . . . The wise men will come, bringing gifts. But my baby has already received gifts more precious than the gold and jewels they'll bring. He's had the gift of shelter. He's had the gift of tenderness. He's had the gift of adoration. A man has found room for him . . . . An old woman recaptured a fragment of her own youth . . . a boy is going home. And I—" her voice was poignant—"suddenly I know how tired I am, and yet how rested. . . . I thought this was the end of a road but it's the beginning

# SKUNK OIL

## Wonderful for CHEST COLDS

R. J. Blake, Pennsylvania drug-gist, says: "Skunkole Salve gives quick relief from distress of chest colds, croupy coughs, muscular aches and pains."

For centuries the rich, warm, penetrating oil of the lowly skunk has been used in Russia and other cold countries to relieve certain forms of congestion, rheumatism and sore, aching muscles. Now, this pure, natural penetrating oil is incorporated with six other natural ingredients into a delightfully smelling aromatic salve. It's warm, stimulating glow will last hours longer than the cheaper petroleum salves. Get a small jar at your druggist today. Don't wait! (If druggist out of stock, accept no substitutes but rush 75c to Ol-Tyme Medicine Co., Dept. A, Box 626, Warren, Ohio for generous trial size. Or \$3 to above address for a year's supply for the whole family.) Money back if not delighted.

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**UNBELIEVABLE BUT TRUE** When each minute seems like an eternity spasms Bronchial-Asthma relieved quickly—usually within 1 minute by NEPHRON Inhalation Therapy—no habit forming drugs—does not wear out. Regardless of how hopeless your case don't give up. WRITE TODAY for Free Trial. Caution: Use only as directed. NEPHRON CO., Dept. J, Tacoma, Wash. (CANADIANS WRITE NEPHRON CO. OF CANADA, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.)

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New FOOT  
CUSHIONS



Do your feet hurt when you walk or stand? Dr. Barron's NEW FOOT CUSHIONS give blessed relief! painless pressure of CALLOUSES, CORNS, SORE HEELS, CHINCHES, ORTHOS, and relieve soles of your feet—help support WEAK ARCHES, absorb foot shocks. Light, spongy, ventilated—like walking on pillows year round. Dr. Barron's Foot Cushions relieve tired, aching feet from HEEL TO TOES. SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman \$1.98 for PAIR plus postage (or send \$2.98 for PAIR plus postage) AT ATTACHED CARD TO MAN OR WOMAN. 30-DAY TRIAL GUARANTEED. Money back if not pleased relief! FREE—Dr. Barron's "FOOT HEALTH ADVICE" booklet on how to help keep your feet healthy. Beware of imitations. Order CREDIT CARD. Dr. Barron's Foot Cushions. Manufactured and sold only by ORTHO, Inc., Dept. 90R, 2700 B'way, N.Y. 25, N.Y.

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## How To Recognize EARLY SYMPTOMS

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Sufferers from Fistula, Piles and other rectal and colon troubles should write for a new 160-page FREE BOOK on these ailments. Fully illustrated with charts and X-ray pictures. Write today—McCleary Clinic and Hospital, 1238 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

—of a star road that will lead across both time and space. . . . I'm strong now—strong enough to give the gift of myself. I think we all are. . . . Can you feel the starlight? I can feel it like a benediction!" Her voice broke. "Come close to me, you people, and to the dream you love best! To the hope you've lost, and to the faith that's been broken, *for this is Christmas Day*—her voice stopped speaking, she lowered her head and stepped back from the microphone—and the announcer took her place and said, "This presentation was brought to you by the courtesy of—" Nobody cared very much, the name of the sponsor was almost lost in the flood of Christmas music. And the engineer said, "We're off the air now."

The director rose. He said, a bit huskily, "I'm going out to thank the cast for giving a fine performance." He left the glass-enclosed cage, and as he crossed the outer room he almost collided with the page boy bringing in the telephone messages. Ronnie, who had played the young thief, called: "If it's from my mother tell her I'll call her back."

But the page boy said, "It's for Miss Kent." He handed a message to the old character woman. She read it swiftly and said: "Glory be to heaven! It's the offer of a running part. A producer heard me—he liked the way I read my lines—a steady job, Ed! *Regular work*."

The director said, "Good for you, Minnie. Now you'll be in the hit and run column again. . . . Mary, congratulations."

Mary Davis said: "Thanks a lot, Ed, for giving me the lead in this. . . . Look, if you folks will excuse me I want to go outside; my husband's waiting. I've kept him waiting—long enough. He said something about he'd like to visit an orphanage today—" she broke off. "Jim, I hope I'm not letting you down, but I *won't* be seeing you later—"

The young man who had played the innkeeper nodded. "That's all right, Mary," he said softly. "I've decided to take a plane this afternoon. Westward ho, and all the rest of it!"

Ronnie, with his saint's face suddenly far more than skin deep said: "I'm going to eat turkey with my mother. Thanks, Ed—for everything." His voice sounded sincere. "Be seeing you—"

Inside the control booth the engineer turned to the sponsor's representative. "It came off swell, didn't it?" he asked, and the sponsor's man agreed, "Yes, it certainly came off—swell. A great script, Miss Tempest."

The author said, very, very quietly— "You know, it's queer, but as I listened to the show I felt somehow as if I hadn't written it. It was all—new to me, somehow. But then I guess the Christmas story always is. . . . New, I mean."

THE END

# Oh, how you'll SLEEP!



**She can thank Phillips' ANTACID ACTION for this!**

Thousands kept awake at night by sleep-robbing acid indigestion—which often accompanies constipation—have found that Phillips' Milk of Magnesia quickly solves their problem. For Phillips' is one of the

fastest, most effective antacids known. And when you take it at bedtime, Phillips' eases away your stomach acidity almost before your head touches the pillow. Result: you sleep—oh, *how you sleep!*—all night long!

# And when you awaken HOW GOOD YOU'LL FEEL!



**She can thank Phillips' LAXATIVE ACTION for this!**

Because of Phillips' excellent *antacid* action, you'll wake up well rested. And then, because Double-Action Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is also a marvelous *laxative*, it will provide gentle, effective constipation relief . . . so you'll be able to tackle the new day's problems feeling wonderfully refreshed!

SO GENTLE FOR CHILDREN...SO THOROUGH FOR GROWNUPS  
**PHILLIPS'**  
 MILK OF MAGNESIA  
 Liquid or Tablets

Liquid Phillips' is available in 75¢, 50¢ and 25¢ bottles. Phillips' Tablets in \$1.00, 50¢ and 25¢ sizes.



## BRIMM'S PLASTI-LINER



**One application  
MAKES FALSE TEETH FIT  
for the life of your plates**

If your plates are loose and slip or hurt... if they rock and cause sore gums... you need Brimms Plasti-Liner. Brimms Plasti-Liner gives instant relief, perfect fit and lasting comfort. Lets you eat anything... talk freely without embarrassment. Ends forever the mess and bother of temporary "stickums" that last a few hours or days.

**EASY TO USE...REFITS FALSE TEETH PERMANENTLY**  
Lay soft Plasti-Liner strip on upper or lower plate. Bite and it molds perfectly. Tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plates. It **hardens to your plate for lasting fit and comfort.** Even on old rubber plates, Plasti-Liner gives good results six months to a year or longer. Removable as per directions. **Guaranteed satisfaction or your money back.**

**SEND NO MONEY** both upper and lower plates. Or a \$1.25 package to reline one plate. Pay your postman when he delivers. **Or send money now and save C. O. D. charges.** Generous sample of special plate cleaner included free.

PLASTI-LINER COMPANY, 1740 Bailey Avenue  
Buffalo 11, N. Y., Dept. 77-N

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### Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause gassing backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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## "Old at 40, 50, 60?" —Man, You're Crazy

Forget your age! Thousands are peppy at 70. Try "pepping up" with Ostrex. Contains tonic for weak, rundown feeling due solely to body's lack of iron which many men and women call "old." Try Ostrex Tonic Tablets for pep, younger looking, this very day. New "get acquainted" size only 50c. For sale at all drug stores everywhere.



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92



### Fast Work

Driver: "We couldn't have been going more than twenty."

Passenger: "I'm sure we weren't going any more than ten."

Second Passenger: "We were almost at a standstill when the officer came up."

Judge: "Stop, before you back into something."

### That Explains It

A GI was telling his friend of a narrow escape in the war. He said, "The bullet went into my chest and came out at my back."

"But," said the friend, "it would have gone through your heart and killed you, in that case."

"My heart was in my mouth at the time," the GI explained.

—The Builders.

### Unfair

"He was kicked out of school for cheating!"

"How come?"

"He was caught counting his ribs in a physiology exam."

### Impact

First Tenderfoot: "What is that bump you have on your forehead?"

Second Tenderfoot: "Oh, that is where a thought struck me."

### Good Idea

Lady Driver (to mechanic): "Can you fix this fender so my husband won't know I bent it?"

Mechanic: "No, but I can fix it so in a couple of days you can ask him how he happened to bend it."

### Last Chance

A steamship passenger was suffering acutely from seasickness, and the steward tried to console him.

"Don't despair, sir," he said. "No one ever died of seasickness."

"Don't tell me that," the sick man groaned. "That hope is the only thing that's keeping me alive."

—McCall Spirit

### Generous

Young Man: "So Miss Nellie is your oldest sister? Who comes after her?"

Little Brother: "Nobody ain't come yet, but Pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

### Paid Off

Mrs. Brown was complaining to her doctor that his bill was too high. "Don't forget," he reminded her, "that I made eleven visits to Tommy when he had measles."

"Don't you forget," she replied, "that Tommy made you wealthy by giving it to the whole school."

If You Suffer From Some Of The Torture-Like Kinds Of

## "RHEUMATIC" PAINS

or from  
"ARTHRITIS"  
"LUMBAGO"

SIMPLE NEURALGIA  
OR MUSCULAR ACHEs

**PLEASE**

**READ THIS  
CAREFULLY**

We don't care what you've tried before—patent medicines, hot water bottles,

heating pads, etc., our ELECTRIC MASSAGER may do for

you what it has done for thousands of people who suffered from

some of the torture-like pains of

"RHEUMATIC," "ARTHRITIC," "NEURALGIC" TYPES, or "LUMBAGO," SIMPLE NEU-

RALGIA, OR MUSCULAR ACHEs due to cold, exposure

or fatigue, or what will refund your money! There is

nothing mysterious about our unit. It is a well-known fact

that heat has relieved the various pains described above.

Our ELECTRIC MASSAGER is the finest heating unit

ever made which enables you to MASSAGE the painful area at the same time that invigorating heat is applied.

You will be amazed at the efficiency of this new instrument.

Operates on any 110-volt line, AC or DC. Send

\$3.00 cash, check or Money Order and we will ship pre-

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**D. J. W. OF MISSOURI WRITES:** "Words cannot express the wonderful relief we have had in this short time... you can imagine more orders come in daily by doubling Thomas. I am satisfied."

**MRS. H. M. W. OF TEXAS WRITES:** "I purchased one... have used it many, many times for relief of pains in various parts of body, especially for muscular backache... I wouldn't be without one."

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### Get Relief This Proven Way

Why try to worry along with trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad holds at real opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip whether at work or play. Light. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing **FREE** book, "Advice To Ruptured," and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also endorsements from grateful users in your neighborhood. Write:

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Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used while you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

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## Don't Punish INTESTINES with Internal Laxatives

NEW QUICK'EVAK  
RELIEVES SAFELY, BETTER, IN MINUTES

Laxatives, like salts pills or roughage, act by irritation. They flush and can whip tired colon muscles into a worse "let-down"; often cramp and maybe the cause of colitis or hemorrhoids. Why push a large tube or some 30 feet of tubing into the colon or rectum? It is better to use a small tube and a few laxatives on them. Usually only the last few inches are really stagnant which can be marvelously relieved in just a few minutes. You simply insert one QUICK'EVAK chlorophyllated cone and blessed nature will follow promptly, safely and effectively. Better than laxatives—less troublesome and less weakening enemas. Ask for a jar of QUICK'EVAK at your drug or health food store. If temporarily out, send \$1.00 (which includes postage) to

Bio Brands, Dept. CR, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Sold with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction

#### Inconsiderate

The man who appealed to a judge against the people next door was very angry.

"What's the trouble?" asked the judge.

"Every night this week they have been banging on the wall and yelling at me until two o'clock in the morning."

"Dear, dear! And does the noise keep you awake?"

"No," explained the applicant, "but I can't enjoy my piano playing with all that noise going on."

—*The Lookout.*

#### Foresight

"I want to grow some trees in my yard," explained the sweet young bride. "Can you sell me a few seeds?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the clerk, and he handed her a packet.

"Can you guarantee these?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, madam."

"Will the trees be tall and shady and thick in the trunk?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Very well," she said briskly, "then I'll take a hammock at the same time."

—*Wesley News.*

#### Boiling Point

Four-year-old Bobby was stroking his cat before the fire in perfect content. The cat, also happy, began to purr loudly. Bobby gazed at her for a while, then suddenly seized her by the tail and dragged her roughly away from the hearth. His mother said:

"You must not hurt your kitty, Bobby."

"I'm not," said Bobby, "but I've got to get her away from the fire. She's beginning to boil."

—*The Builders.*

#### Parent Psychology

Mother walked into the nursery and found her young son tying a bandage round his finger.

"My poor child," said the mother, "what have you done to your finger?"

"I hit it with the hammer," was the child's reply.

Mother looked surprised. "But I didn't hear you crying," she remarked.

"No," came the bland reply. "I thought you were out."



"Don't make a noise  
and spoil their fun."

## USE THIS COUPON FOR YOUR "BABY BLUE EYES" DOLL

(See inside of front cover)

NIRESK, Dept. D-19

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Please rush complete Baby Blue Eyes Doll on money-back guarantee. Lovely gold finish heart locket included at no extra cost.

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DOCTOR'S MARVELOUS NEW DISCOVERY  
RELIEVES DRUNKENNESS IN 5 DAYS  
Does Drunkenness Threaten Your Happiness or Your Loved Ones? Our Marvelous New Discovery Quickly and Easily Helps You to Recover From Drunkenness Far Quicker! With This  
Curing For Liquorism, No Will Power is Necessary To Stop Drinking. This is Strictly A Honest Method. Easy to Take Nothing Like It Before! You Can Go to Business And Carry On Your Social Life As Usual, While Using Our Method! May be used secretly for whiskey, wine or beer! Improvement is Noticed in A Remarkably Short Time! The Price is Amazingly Low! Only \$100 For The Entire  
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Guarantees Satisfaction or Your Money Refunded! You Will Bless The  
Day You Saw This As Thousands Have Already Done!  
Pay Postman On Delivery! Mail Us Your Name and Address Only!

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## CONSTIPATION Brings DOUBLE Distress —Needs DOUBLE-ACTION Relief!



**Ever notice?** Constipation often upsets both—bowel action and your stomach. You're not only sluggish, lousy, depressed . . . your stomach feels sour and gassy, too. To ease both discomforts you need the **double-action relief** of Dr. Caldwell's Senna Laxative.

### DR. CALDWELL'S SPEEDS RELIEF 2 WAYS

1 It relieves constipation thoroughly, pleasantly—without griping. Contains *gentle* laxative Senna, medically approved even for children.

2 Its carminative action helps relieve that sour, gassy, upset stomach discomfort.

*Pleasant—Gentle—Thorough*

**Feel right overnight**—Take Dr. Caldwell's and get double relief. Famous over 50 years. Even finicky children love it. At all drug counters.

**DR. CALDWELL'S**

Senna Laxative contained in Syrup Pepsin

Gentle **DOUBLE-ACTION** Laxative

## Are You Risking Years Off Your Life Every Time You Go To Bed?

Do you suffer from insomnia? Do you wake at odd hours? Do dreams disturb your slumber? Do you wake mornings still log and tired?

If so, Beware! You are risking your health, and maybe years off your life.

For sleep is nature's way of helping you recoup your forces to resist the strain of living. Not taking full advantage of your sleep (as scientific research has proven 98% of us do not) is like continually winding a clock too tightly—soon the spring will snap. And when your spring snaps, it means ill health, doctor bills, added worry—and years off your life.

And it's all needless. Anybody can learn to sleep well with a little help—help now available in a new book, *How to Sleep*, written just for you by famed psychologist Dr. James Bender as the result of his years of study of the problems of sleep.

In simple terms Dr. Bender explains what happens to you when you sleep, tells how to cure insomnia and how to stop dreams from ruining your rest, lists 29 methods to relax and fall asleep and 15 ways to help you sleep sounder, and gives all the information he uses professionally to treat sleep sufferers—often at fees of from \$100 to \$200.

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**Rush me HOW TO SLEEP by Dr. James Bender at \$2.75. If the book doesn't solve my sleep problems I will return within 10 days for refund of my \$2.75.**

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\$2.75 enclosed  Send by check or money order C. O. D.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### Liquor's Profit

• In our March issue, Dr. Poling editorialized on the flagrant evils of liquor advertising, which seems increasingly to be getting out of hand. The editorial, a rousing call to action, received wide acclaim by our readers and others; its title: "Let's Take the Profit Out of Liquor!" In the September issue, in reply, the Rev. W. F. Martin offered his plan for implementing this; the title: "Here's How I Would Take the Profit Out."

Mr. Martin's plan was not CHRISTIAN HERALD's; like some of our readers, we thought there were holes in it. But it WAS a plan, well-thought-out and worthy of thoughtful consideration by sincere and realistic Drys. And he represents a growing host of believers in the temperance cause who, just as ardent and just as Christian as the Prohibition-or-nothing advocate, simply do not believe that an early return to national prohibition is possible—or maybe even desirable.

CHRISTIAN HERALD believes these should be heard. We thought—and still think—that good can come out of dispassionate discussion of various techniques for banishing booze-born evil. The liquor interests are not going to be defeated by indignation alone; nor are they going to be licked by temperance people waging guerrilla warfare among themselves and branding each other unChristian every time there is a fresh appraisal offered or a different approach made toward the common end—the eventual wiping out of liquor's depredations.

So we printed Dr. Martin's suggestions, inviting our readers to appraise it, point out its shortcomings if they liked—or, better still, to offer an alternate plan of their own that would "take the profit out." The following is part of what we received in reply:

#### TO THE EDITOR:

Mr. Martin's suggestions for taking the profit out of liquor are worthy of study. We would not be without precedent in establishing such a federal control. Sweden did it . . . Is it not that we of the churches are so drunk with our own wistful and wishful thinking about Prohibition that we are blind to this practical line of action? The proposal Mr. Martin outlines is far more sane than either an all-out prohibition or the wide-open policy we have now. Liquor has too long been uncontrolled, and will continue to be as long as there is profit in it for someone. One minor criticism of the plan as presented: why require all to carry a card whether they want to buy the stuff or not?

Lerna, Ill. WILBUR PATTERSON

... I say "Praise the Lord!" for the honest

attempt of W. F. Martin to help us look more intelligently and realistically at the problem.

Olean, N. Y.

TOM BROOK

... Why was such an article ever put in CHRISTIAN HERALD? Are you, of all people, slipping? Martin had best read Romans 14:21.

Pontiac, Mich.

(MRS.) ORPHEA H. FISHEL

... I regret to see such an impractical article. It is contrary to the teachings of God, Christ and St. Paul . . . The government has more responsibilities now than it is capable of managing to the best interest of the nation; how can our rulers take on the liquor business with all its complications? . . . The liquor trade can well afford to pay Mr. Martin liberally for his article.

Nichols, N. Y.

F. I. CHAMPLIN

... Isn't Mr. Martin's plan only chipping off the bark from a tree that needs to be cut down?

St. Louis, Mo.

NAT H. PARKER

... One way to "take the profit out" is to deprive the profiteers of the deference their monied position usually gets them. Let us start with the church. We should come again to the time when one could not be a member of a church while he received a financial profit from exploiting the weakness of others. When you find representatives of the liquor industry gloating over their good standing in the church, it makes me wish we Protestants had the weapon of excommunication.

Augusta, Me.

PAUL K. STEWART

... A government that could not, or would not, enforce the Eighteenth Amendment surely could not control the situation by rationing or the card system.

Bridgeton, N. J.

(MRS.) NELLIE M. STEWART

... It is quite evident that Mr. Martin, like the brewers and distillers, favors "moderate" drinking. It is unfortunate that a minister should use such phrases as "ascetic virtue" and "control of others" in connection with those who are sincerely for an educational program. One is tempted to ask: "On which side are you, Mr. Martin?"

Denver, Colo.

MAY M. WALLER

... You want a plan? Mine is the old hard way that takes Christian persuasion, conviction, discipline, self-denial, courage and patience. First, teach and glamorize total abstinence. Second, work for legal elimination of all forms of liquor advertising, and for all measures reducing consumption and social approval of alcohol. Third, when a clear 80-85% of the people

have adopted total abstinence, the re-adoption of Prohibition should be seriously considered and probably enacted. Perhaps the percentage should be 75%. Assumed in this approach would be an ardent effort at giving people in general that peace and purpose and zest in life which real religious faith alone can supply, the lack of which so many seek to assuage in resort to alcoholic beverages.

Manchester, N. H.

(Rev.) FRANKLIN P. FRYE

... You certainly have something in Mr. Martin's article! Have been looking for something like that for years.

Kenton, Ohio MRS. CHAS. HENDERSON

... Our county convention (W.C.T.U.) representing 500 women went on record as opposing the plan by Mr. Martin. There should be no compromise. We suggest a revival of pledge-signing in our Sunday schools, that our churches be more vocal in dealing with an enemy that destroys both body and soul. Total abstinence is the only solution.

Newark, Ohio

LUCY E. SIMPSON

... The article has my heartiest approval. I would, however, add these suggestions: (1) Eliminate *all* profit. Let the government sell at cost, and it will be worth no man's while to bootleg; (2) Take away any social prestige that might be connected with the possession of a wine cellar stocked with expensive liquors by having the government condemn and buy all private stocks; if necessary, manufacture could be halted until surplus liquor was used up; (3) Start right away to campaign for honest, conscientious officials to administer our present local liquor laws.

Ventura, Calif.

(Mrs.) CARRIE W. EGAN

... I agree that if the profit can be taken out of the liquor business the liquor problem would be largely solved. But the liquor interests are so well entrenched that I fear any attempt to place manufacture and distribution directly under government control would be hopeless. Any reform must come through an educational campaign. But while we are waiting to get an educational program into action, would it not be possible through taxation to make the business less attractive? Increase the license fee for manufacture and distribution! Minneapolis is doing this very thing right now. If the license fee is high enough, fewer persons will be interested in engaging in the business... Of course, the government would have to set a fixed price on all alcoholic beverages, or else the additional tax would be passed on to the consumer... Government control of sales by means of a card system (as proposed by Mr. Martin) is sound and practical. If we do nothing more than establish and enforce this, we will have come a long way toward a solution... We do a lot of talking about the liquor problem; too often we fail to put our ideas into practice. There are many Christian men and women who are ready and willing to work for better control—so let us get down to business now!

Red Wing, Minn. GEO. E. FREYER

... Mr. Martin says that if the government had full control of manufacture, importation and sale, this would do away

(Continued on next page)

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The grown-up people were also badly off, the lonely widows, sick and miserable men and women who had very little clothing and almost no bedding. We were so happy that we could show them the love of Christ through gifts you had sent us.

In one little room there lived a lonely girl. She had been in a Concentration Camp and there lost one foot. All her relatives had been killed in the Concentration Camps. Another young woman with two children had also lost father, mother, brothers and sisters with their families—all killed in the Concentration Camps. Oh! how the hearts of those who have survived this martyrdom are still bleeding! How grateful they are not only for the material gifts we brought them, but also for the spiritual comfort to their lonely, bleeding hearts."

On behalf of the widows and orphans, the elderly and helpless surviving Hebrew Christians all over Europe and Palestine, we ask your prayers and generous help at this blessed Christmas season of the year. Winter is upon those who are still compelled to live in dingy barracks in the remaining D. P. Camps. Please do help us to minister to these needy brethren of our blessed Lord.

\$5.00 will pay for a nutritious food parcel  
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with the principal source of corruption. The government now has full control through the license system, but it does not control. The trouble is not the profit but the loss—the awful loss to the drinker and his family . . . Our plan is: *first withdraw the license system, then enforce the law!* The license system is morally and legally wrong; no man has an inherent moral or legal right to sell or drink something that is a detriment or injury to anyone else or a cost to the public. The liquor traffic is already prohibited, and only exists in the license system. Needed is a great crusade by a new and mighty Flying Squadron to inspire and organize the people to withdraw the wicked sanction given by the license system! This Christian nation must no longer sanction by license or acquiesce the traffic, but arise in the power of God's might and wipe it out.

Alexandria, Va. NEWMAN H. RAYMOND  
ESTHER A. RAYMOND

... Mr. Martin's admirably comprehensive article appears to me so well conceived that I would be pleased to pledge him my support instead of offering anything for a substitute.

Hiram, Maine ELI C. WADSWORTH

... Like Mr. Martin, I hate the liquor traffic; but unlike him, I will not compromise. I am past 85, have prayed and worked and voted for Prohibition for nearly 80 years—and still believe national constitutional prohibition is the only solution. Mr. Martin himself agrees Prohibition, even when administered by a whiskey distiller and his cohorts who made little attempt at enforcement, was 80% successful. Why, then, throw it out the window for some other new-fangled untried experiment? . . . North Carolina once tried handling all liquor, took all the profit out, and after a few years gave up in despair. Will it work any better if made nationwide? . . . If we want to continue the liquor business, let's for goodness' sake keep our mouths shut and quit nagging the Lord to deliver us from its evils. We are a joke, and the laughing-stock of the world.

Williamsport, Pa. L. F. KOCH

... Do you honestly think that government handling of liquor will eliminate moonshiners and bootleggers? State control has increased their numbers, according to statistics . . . Tricky politicians are quoted as saying, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." No statesmen, and certainly not Christians who have thought things through, will take that attitude toward liquor.

Wichita, Kans. CLARENCE W. ROBB

... I am sure that if the honest men in our government would really sit down and count the cost of liquor to the nation, they would not be in the liquor business nor allow it to exist.

Keswick, Iowa MRS. HENRY FINCH

... It nearly makes my hair stand on end to find so many Christian people still advocating Prohibition. The law of God absolutely does not command it. There are only two ways to abolish drunkenness: enforce the laws we now have, and educate the children to live moderately according to God's law.

Kent, Ill. DAVID BRUEHLMEIER

## FRONTYARD NATIVITY

(Continued from page 8)

December 10. Some 30,000 watts of electricity were flashed on the scene from 5,000 bulbs hidden by rocks and trees. The flow of automobile traffic was slowed. Men and women got out of their cars to watch in awed reverence. "Prettiest thing I've ever seen," many commented. Some marveled, "And nothing was being sold!"

On the evening of December 13, a 20-block traffic jam in the Snowden neighborhood had to be unsnarled by the Dallas Police Department. Thousands of cars were jammed bumper to bumper. From then on there were at least six policemen on duty in the neighborhood each night.

"This might be my last Christmas and I want to stay a little longer," pleaded an elderly woman to one of the policemen one night.

At first, ropes were placed ten feet away from the display. But women in high-heeled shoes so spiked up the lawn that the ropes had to be moved to the sidewalk. Even at that, the lawn had to be replanted later. Jalopies and limousines poured by nightly. Trucks crowded with laborers were almost endless. Finally, in deference to the neighbors, the lights in the display and the recorded Christmas carol music were cut off each midnight.

The display was about the closest thing the city of Dallas has ever had to a pilgrimage. People came from all parts of the state. "Daddy, aren't you glad you drove all the way from New Orleans to see this?" one little girl piped. Invalids who had not been out of their homes for years persuaded relatives to take them to the scene. A police squad brought one man in his oxygen tent.

Another evening, two busloads of old age pensioners came to the Snowden home. They stared in awed silence. Some were over 90 years of age. Before they tottered back to their buses, Snowden distributed candy to all of them. Public and Sunday school teachers also took busloads of their students to the display.

The Snowdens received hundreds of letters, particularly after it was announced that the display would be taken down immediately after Christmas Day. The display remained, up until January 1.

The traffic jams were discussed even in Dallas City Hall. But one official said that an order to Snowden to remove the display before the Christmas season was over was unthinkable to him. "My child," he commented, "would never forgive me."

Nor would the tot who tugged at his mother's arm and begged, "Please let me go back and tell the little boy Jesus good-night."

THE END



EVEN though it may startle you to see aluminum being slathered over a barn, we think you can feel a little proud every time you see it, which is fairly often, now. You can be proud because, though you may have had nothing to do with it, the whole development is as American as apple pie.

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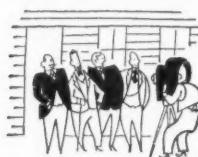
That didn't happen in a year, or a decade. It took sixty years, in fact, and those sixty years are the lifetime of Aluminum Company of America. Since,



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beginning, and they kept at their research and development, like good Americans, against odds that would have discouraged a Hottentot. The stockholders, like good Americans, strung along through good times and bad, and the employees,

as they began to have some, did too.

Everyone had a sparkle in his eye. No telling where this stuff might go, they told each other.

They're still talking that way. The research boys are just as busy as ever, proving how much cooler aluminum-roofed buildings are inside, how much longer an aluminum roof will last, how much stronger Alcoa Aluminum roofing is than competing brands. In the fifty-acre rolling mill at Davenport, we are still working on ways to roll it faster.



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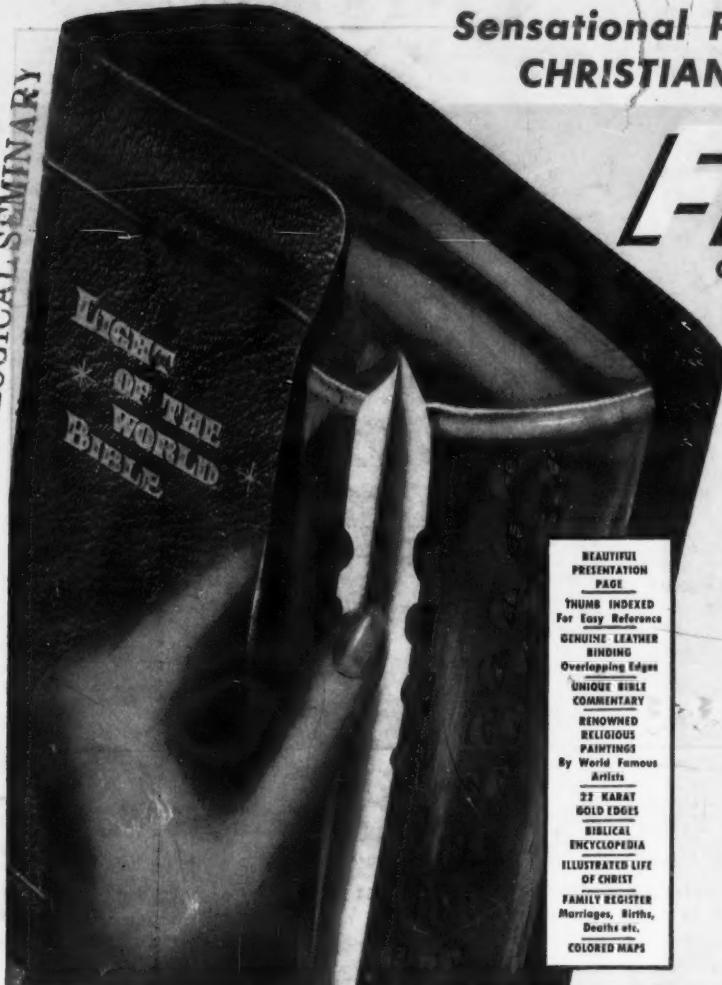
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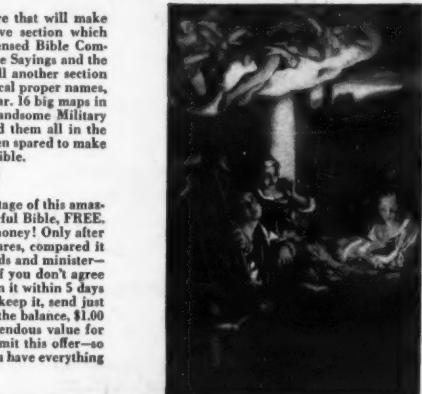
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